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RELIQUES OF



CONSISTING OF

OLD HEROIC BALLADS, SONGS, AND OTHER

TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW

PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS,

OF LATER DATE,

BY THOMAS PERCY, D.D.,

BISHOP OF DROMORE,

EDITED, WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION, ADDITIONAL PREFACES, NOTES, GLOSSARY, ETC., BY

HENRY B. WIHEATLEY, F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

F

"Though some make slight of Libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels."—Selden's Table-Talk.



I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

BALLAD made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,"

— affords a curious specimen of ancient satire.

and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and

princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III., the barons had offered his brother Richard, King of the Romans, 30,000% to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well-known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John, Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot, the king's justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the first stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the

king's brother.

With regard to the second stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Walingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243. Windsor Castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

arrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance which furnishes out the urthen of each stanza.

The third stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which appened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was ost, Richard, king of the Romans, took refuge in a windmill, hich he barricaded, and maintained for some time against the arons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very all account of this in the Chronicle of Mailros, Oxon. 1684, p.

29.*

The fourth stanza is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who ad been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards one over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 bout to return into England, when the barons raised a popular lamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the ingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the fifth stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Varren, and in the sixth and seventh stanzas insinuates that if he nd Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, hey should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes he date of this ballad, for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen anded in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the

scendant. See Holinshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. (Harl. MSS. 2253, fol. 58 v°.) This MS. is judged, rom the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; the being everywhere expressed by the character b; he v is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the thath an oblique

written during the first flush of enthusiasm after the memorable battle of Lewes, because, before a year had gone by, victory had passed to the other side, and at the battle of Evesham, fought on the 4th of August, 1265, Simon, his eldest son Henry, and a host of distinguished men, fell on the fatal field. As Drayton sang:

"Great Lester here expired with Henry his brave sonne, When many a high exploit they in that day had done."

Prince Edward, who had passed his boyhood in Henry's company and was much attached to him, personally attended his funeral.

Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., was elected King of the Romans on the 13th of January, 1256-7, at Frankfort, and is styled in Latin documents *Rex Alemannia*. In earlier times Richard had been a leader of malecontents, and "all from the child to the old man heaped frequent blessings upon him," but Montfort (then a courtier) gained him over to the King's side, and the insurgents were in consequence dispersed.

Richard was probably not so base a man as the writer of the ballad would wish us to believe, and a good action is recorded of him which was very ill returned. He interceded for the life of De Montfort's second son Simon, when that youth surrendered to the royal party at Northampton in 1266, and he was successful in his suit. In 1271, Simon and his brother Guy assassinated Henry, Richard's son, then in the suite of Philip of France, on his return from the Holy Land, while he was at mass in the church of St. Lawrence, at Viterbo. Richard himself died in this same year at Berkhampstead, and his estates descended to his son Edmond, Earl of Cornwall.

The uncertain manner in which biographic honours are apportioned is noteworthy, and a writer in the Quarterly Review (vol. cxix. p. 26) very justly points out a deficiency in English literature, when he writes that Simon de Montfort V., second Earl of Leicester, "the founder of the English House of Commons, has had no biographer." Mr. Freeman, however, promises to do full honour to his memory in a forthcoming volume of his history.

This is not the place to give any detailed account of De Montfort, but a few words on the great leader may be allowable, more particularly as Percy's introduction does injustice to the antiroyalist party.

Simon de Montfort, fourth son of Simon de Montfort IV., fourth

^{[1} A German has taken upon himself the duty of an Englishman, but Dr. Pauli's life of the hero has not yet been translated out of the German language.]

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

Comte de Montfort, married Eleanor, Countess of Pembroke, he daughter of King John. She had made a vow of widowhood, and although her brother Henry III. gave her away when she was narried, by one of the royal chaplains, in the king's private chapel at Westminster, 6th January, 1238, Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, remonstrated strongly against the marriage. It is aid that when the prelate left England, he stood on a hill which commanded a view of London, and, extending his hands towards he city, pronounced a parting blessing on his country, and a curse in the countess and the offspring of her unholy union.

Events so came about that the courtier and alien became the epresentative leader of Englishmen, with the famous war-cry of 'England for the English." The battle of Lewes placed everyhing in the power of Simon de Montfort, but in his prosperity nany of his followers fell away from him. The last scene of the reat man's life is truly pathetic. He lay at Evesham awaiting the roops which his son was to bring from Kenilworth. He did not now, however, that the garrison of that town had been surprised by Prince Edward, who had escaped from confinement. The army hat marched upon Evesham bore the banners of Simon's son, but they were flying in the van of an enemy. Simon's first words, when he saw the force approach, were those of soldierly pride: 'By the arm of St. James they come on well; they learnt that order from me.' Before he spoke again, however, he had realized his position, and he cried out: "May God have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's." When he died liberty eemed to have been crushed out of existence, but it was not so,

and the character of these miracles may be judged by the following samples. The "old Countess of Gloucester" had a palfrey, which was asthmatic for two years, until one day in journeying from Tewkesbury to Evesham, it drank from the earl's well and was restored to perfect health. The next instance of miraculous healing is still more remarkable. A chick, which belonged to Agnes of Selgrave, fell into a pond and was drowned. Its mistress pulled it out and commended it to "blessed Simon," whereupon it got up and walked as usual.

Simon had six children by his wife Eleanor, viz., Henry, Simon, Guy, Amauri, Richard, and Eleanor. Henry was slain with his father, but the countess and the other children escaped out of England. Simon and Guy went to Tuscany; Amauri accompanied his mother to France, was taken prisoner in 1276, and kept in confinement by Edward for a time, but set at liberty in 1280; Richard went to Bigorre, but nothing certain is known of his after career, and it is said that he settled in England under the assumed name of Wellysborne, an assertion founded on two or three deeds of doubtful authenticity. Eleanor was married to Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, in 1279, Edward I. paying all the expenses of the

ceremony, which was performed with great pomp.]

ITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyn[g] of Alemaigne,² bi mi leaute,³
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees⁴ in the countre,
Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah⁵ thou be ever trichard,⁶
Tricthen¹ shalt thou never more.

vi., annexed to Mr. Halliwell's edition of William de Rishanger's Chronicle of the Barons' Wars (Camden Society), 1840.

¹ This tradition is possibly connected with the one to be found in the *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, where the Blind Beggar is said to be Henry de Montfort, who was taken off the battlefield, blind but not dead.

² Germany. ⁸ loyalty. ⁴ peace. ⁵ though. ⁶ treacherous. ⁷ deceive (should be *trichen*).]

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kyng,
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
Haveth he nout of Walingford o ferlyng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre
Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do⁶ ful wel,
He saisede the mulne⁷ for a castel,
With hare⁸ sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,⁹
He wende that the sayles were mangonel¹⁰
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,

Makede him a castel of a mulne post,

Wende with is prude, 11 ant is muchele bost, 12

Brohte 13 from Alemayne mony sori gost

To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c. 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, 14 ant the lenne.

40

45

50

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ýs chýn, Hevede¹ he nou here the erl of Warýn, Shulde he never more come to is ýn,² Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gýn,³ 35

To help of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,⁴ Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:⁵ Al⁶ he shulde quite here twelfmoneth scot⁷ Shulde he never more with his fot pot⁸

To helpe Wyndesore. Richard, than thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward, Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward, Shalt thou never more breke foreward;

Ant that reweth sore
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward, 11
Forsoke thyn emes lore 12
Richard, &c.

** This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our statute book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (Westm. Primer, c. 34, anno 3 Edw. I.) That it had this effect is the opinion of an

Ver. 44. This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

[Ver. 40. Percy prints grante here (i.e. grant their), but the MS. reads qte here (i.e. quite or pay here).

had.
 house.
 engine.
 sworn by his head.
 Hugh Bigod here mentioned, was the cousin of Hugh Bigod, who took part with the barons, and was slain at Lewes.

⁶ although.

⁸ with his foot push on.

Percy prints this sot pot, but it is undoubtedly fot in the MS.

⁹ whether you like it or loathe it.

10 ride spurless on thy grey horse.
11 male shrew.
12 forsookest thy uncle's teaching.
13 De Montfort was Prince
Edward's uncle.

ON THE DEATH OF K. THE FIRST.

E have here an early attempt at e died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year 69th of his age. This poem appear composed soon after his death.

modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the will upon his devotion than his skill in government attention to the martial and political abilities of this in which he had no equal, than to some little weak stition, which he had in common with all his conte king had in the decline of life vowed an expeditional Land, but finding his end approach, he dedica £32,000 to the maintenance of a large body of k historians, eighty says our poet), who were to carrithem into Palestine. This dying command of the performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices man, attributes this failure to the advice of the whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who mediately married. But the truth is, Edward and favourite, Piers Gaveston, spent the money upon To do the greater honour to the memory of his puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the licence as a more modern bard would have introor the Genius of Europe pouring for the street was a supplementation.

This antique

language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

[When Henry III. died, highly laudatory songs were sung in honour of the new king, but when Edward I. died the people were too grieved at their loss to sing the praise of his successor. The present song is printed by Mr. Thomas Wright in his *Political Songs of England* (Camden Society, 1839, p. 246), where he also prints a French version, and points out that the one is clearly translated from the other, adding that the French song was probably the original. In verse 27, Percy printed hue (i.e. she) with a capital H, under the impression that it was "the name of the person who was to preside over the business."]

LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,¹
A stounde herkneth² to my song
Of duel,³ that Deth hath diht⁴ us newe,
Thatmaketh me syke, ant sorewe among;

Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth⁶ that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so sone shall ligge stille.⁶

Al Englond ahte⁷ for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith⁸ so lowe,
Yent⁹ al this world is nome con springe: 10
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys, 11
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge, 12
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

^{[1} are of true heart. 2 for a while hearken ye. 3 grief.
4 wrought. 5 methinketh. 6 lie still. 7 ought.
8 lieth. 9 through. 10 his name spread abroad.

in war wary and wise. 12 hands wring.]

"Y deye, y ne may Iyven na ma "Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth hi "For he is nest to buen y-core."

"Ich biqueth myn herte aryht,5
"That hit be write at mi devys,6
"Over the see that hue be diht,7
"With fourscore knyhtes al of pry
"In werre that buen war ant wys,
"Ayein the hethene for te fyhte,
"To wynne the croiz⁸ that lowe lys,
"Myself y cholde yef⁹ that y myhte

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sin.

That thou the compacil woldest fond.

To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'.

To wende to the holy londe:

That ourse kyng hede take on honde.

All Engelond to yeme ant wysse, so wenden in to the holy londe.

To wynnen us heve [n] riche blisse.

The messager to the pope com,
And seyde that our kynge was ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom, 15
Ywis 16 his herte was full gret: 17

Ver. 33. sunne, MS. Ver. 35. kvno Denotably a contraction

K. EDWARD THE FIRST.	13
The Pope him self the lettre redde, Ant spec¹ a word of gret honour. "Alas! he seid, is Edward ded? "Of Christendome he ber the flour."	45
The Pope to is chaumbre wende, For dol ² ne mihte he speke na more; Ant after cardinals he sende, That muche couthen ³ of Cristes lore, Bothe the lasse, ⁴ ant eke the more, Bed hem bothe rede ant synge: Gret deol me myhte se thore, ⁵ Mony mon is honde wrynge.	50
The Pope of Peyters ⁶ stod at is masse With ful gret solempnetè, Ther me con ⁷ the soule blesse: "Kyng Edward honoured thou be: "God lene ⁸ thi sone come after the, "Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne, "The holy crois y-mad of tre, ⁹ "So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.	60
"Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore ¹⁰ "The flour of al chivalrie "Now kyng Edward liveth na more: "Alas! that he yet shulde deye! "He wolde ha rered up ful heyye ¹¹ "Oure banners, that bueth broht ¹² to groun" "Wel longe we mowe clepe ¹³ and crie "Er we a such kyng han y-founde."	65 de;
spake. ² grief. ³ knew. ⁴ less. great grief might be seen there. ⁶ Peter's.	im.

Ver. 55, 59. Me, i.e. Men, so in Robert of Gloucester, passim.

[1 spake. 2 grief. 3 knew. 4 less.
5 great grief might be seen there. 6 Peter's.
7 there they began. 8 give. 9 cross made of wood.
10 lost. 11 high. 12 are brought.
13 very long we may call. Percy printed this incorrectly, Wel!
longe.]

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD

Nou is Edward of Camarvan King of Engelond al aphyba,1 God lete him ner be worse man Then his fader, ne lasse of myht, To holden is pore men to ryht, And understonde good counsail, Al Engelond for to wysse ant dyht ." Of gode knyhtes darh! him nout fail. Thah' mi tonge were mad of stel, Ant min herte y-yote of bras, The godness myht y never telle, That with kyng Edward was: Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour, 85 In uch bataille thou hadest prys; God bringe thi soule to the honour, That ever wes, ant ever ys.

. Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.:

> "That lasteth ay withouten ende, Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse Jesus us sende. Amen."

early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their wings and axes: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary *rondeau*.—Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400.

[These verses are printed in Morris's Aldine Edition of Chaucer (vol. vi. pp. 304-5), but there is no conclusive evidence that they are really by Chaucer. Mr. Furnivall writes (Trial Forewords, Chaucer Society, 1871, p. 32):—"With the Pity I should like much to class the Roundel.: as one of the poet's genuine works, though it is not assigned to him (so far as I know), by any MS. of authority. It exactly suits the Compleynte of Pite; there is nothing in it (so far as I can see), to make it not Chaucer's, and it is of the same form as his Roundel in the Parliament of Foules." Mr. Hales suggests to me that the poem may have been written by one of Chaucer's followers, and refers to verse 260 of the Knight's Tale:

"The freissche beauté sleeth me sodeynly," as having probably given the hint to the writer of this rondeau.]

I. I.



OURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely My hertis wound, while that it is grene, Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

ა.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn, &c.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purcha I sey yow soth,³ me nedeth not to fay So hath your beaute fro your herte cl

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compass So grete beaute, that no man may atte To mercy, though he sterve for the pe So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat, I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene; Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that I do no fors,⁵ I speak ryght as I mene; Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3

Love hath my name i-strike out of his And he is strike out of my bokes clene For ever mo 'ther'* is non other men Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE.

T does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of chivalry and romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,* it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority: and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures: he accordingly made use of the keen one of ridicule. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scucheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various acci-

^{*} See (Mr. Hurd's) Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762, Memoires de la Chevalerie, par M. de la Curne de Sainte-Palaye, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

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lents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the nagnificent feasting—with all the other solemn fopperies that is usually attended the pompous turnament. And how acutely the harpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those lays, we may learn from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

The Turnament of Tottenham was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to., by the Rev. William Bedwell, rector of Tottenam, who was one of the translators of the Bible. He tells us, it vas written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intitled, Passio Domini Jesu Christi. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled n the Oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little ntered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and hinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. pecause turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do verily peleeve," says he, "that this turnament was acted before this prolamation of K. Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do hat, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by he civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not vith lances, yet, as our authour sayth, 'It was no childrens game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, row you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene uried like a dogge?" It is, however, well known that turnaments

volume, believes it to have been written as early as the reign of Edward II.

Bedwell was chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton in his embassy to Venice, where he is said to have assisted the celebrated Father Paul in the composition of his History of the Council of Trent. The following is a copy of the inscription on Bedwell's monument in the chancel of Tottenham church:—" Here lyes interred in this chancel Mr. William Bedwell, sometime vicar of this church and one of King James's translators of the Bible, and for the Easterne tongues as learned a man as most lived in these moderne times. Aged 70. Dyed May the 5th, 1632."]

F all thes k
were kyn
Of fele feyy
The Turns

F all thes kene conquerours to carpe¹ it were kynde;

Of fele feyytyng² folk ferly³ we fynde; The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;

It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde, In story as we rede

Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
Of them that were dughty⁴
And stalworth⁵ in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere⁶ day, Ther was mad a shurtyng⁷ be the hy-way: Theder com al the men of the contray, Of Hyssylton,⁸ of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,

And all the swete swynkers.9
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all were trewe drynkers.

10

15

¹ talk. ² fierce fighting. ⁵ stout. ⁶ dire or sad.

wonder.sport.

doughty.Islington.

labourers.]

THE TURNAMENT

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts
cast;

Perkyn the potter into the press past, And sayd Randol the refe, a doyter thou hast, Tyb the dere:

20

Therfor faine wyt wold I,³
Whych of all thys bachelery
Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.⁴

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys⁵ wyth ther lang staves, And sayd, Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves; Boldely amang us thy doyter he craves; We er rycher men then he, and mor gode haves Of cattell and corn;

Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyyt⁶
That I schal be alway redy in my ryyt,
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyyt,
Or elles yet to morn.⁷

25

Whoso berys¹ hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre² be the comon assent,
For to wynne my doyter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,'
And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was broyt out
of Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe
For no spens' wyl I spare,
For no cattell wyl I care,
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede: 557 Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they yede; 64 And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede, 767 Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham⁸ in matts;
Thay set on ther nollys,⁹
For to kepe ther pollys,¹⁰
Gode blake bollys,¹¹
For batryng of bats.¹²

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld not brest: 13

Ilk-on¹⁴ toke a blak hat, insted of a crest:

'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,¹⁵

Furth gon thay fare:16

Ther was kyd" mekyl fors, 18
Who schuld best fend hys cors: 10
He that had no gode hors,
He gat hym a mare.

Ver. 48. Dozty, MS. V. 49. coppeld. We still use the phrase "a copple-crowned hen." V. 57. gayed, PC. V. 66 is wanting in MS. and supplied from PC. V. 72. He borrowed him, PC.

^{[1} beareth. 2 prize. 8 blow. 4 expense. 5 bid or offer. 6 went. 7 made ready their clothing. 8 them. 9 heads. 10 polls. 11 bowls. 12 cudgels. 13 burst. 14 each one. 15 ready. 16 they began to go forth. 17 shown. 18 much strength. 19 best defend his body.]

And led 'till the gap.'

For cryeng of the men

Forther wold not Tyb the

Tyl scho had hur brode h

Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borowed And a garland on hur hed ful of rou And a broche on hur brest ful of 's Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng,6 was nonys;

> For no 'spendings' thay had sp When joly Gyb saw hur th He gyrd so hys gray mare, 'That scho lete a fowkin's At the rereward.

I wow to God, quoth Herry, I schal no May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde, For whatsoever that he be, before me

Ver. 76. The MS. had once sedys, i.e. seeds have been altered to fedyrs, or feathers. It Senvy, i.e. Mustard-seed. V. 77. and led hur to Bedwell's PC. has "Ruel-Bones." V. 84. safe 85. wrotyn, i.e. wrought. PC. reads, written. (perhaps chatel) they had spared, MS. V faucon, MS.

^{[1} gathering

95

105

115

I wot I schall hym greve. Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn. And I wow, quoth Dawkyn, May I mete wyth Tomkyn, Hys flayle I schal hym reve.¹

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se, 100 Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre: I schal scomfet² thaym all, for the love of the; In what place so I come thay schal have dout's of me, Myn armes ar so clere:

> I bere a reddyl, and a rake, Poudred wyth a brenand drake,5 And three cantells of a cake

In ycha⁷ cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,8 Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute, 110 Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route, In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,

When I begyn to play. I make avowe that I ne schall, But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 10 Or I be thryes don fall, 11

Ryyt onys 12 com away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede; Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,13 For when thay fyyt fastest and most ar in drede, 120 I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:

Ver. 101. grant, MS. V. 109. yf he have, MS. V. 110. the MS. literally has th. sand, here.

¹ deprive. ² discomfit. sprinkled over with firebrands. 6 pieces.

⁸ though I have the gout. 10 unless Tib will call me.

¹² even once.

^{*} fear. 4 riddle or sieve. 7 each.

⁹ in each place where they.

¹¹ ere I be thrice made to 13 engage.]

THE TURNAMENT

I am armed at the full;
In myn armys I bere wele
A doy trogh, and a pele,
A sadyll wythout a panell,
Wyth a fles of woll.

125

make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra, I hyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa; 'or scho ys wele schapen, and liyt as the rae, 'her is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga; '130

Sche wul ne noyt begyle:
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
On a lang somerys day,
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,
Noyt other half myle.

135

make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost, schal wyrch 'wyselyer' withouten any bost: ive of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost, wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,

And here I grant thaym Tybbe. Wele boyes here ys he,

140

170

Thayr baners were ful bryyt

Of an old rotten fell;

The cheveron of a plow-mell;

And the schadow of a bell,

Poudred wyth the mone lyyt.

I wot yt 'was' no chylder' game, whan thay togedyr met,
When icha freke' in the feld on hys feloy' bet,
And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
And foght ferly' fast, tyll ther horses swet,
And few wordys spoken.
Ther were flayles al to slatred,
Ther were scheldys al to flatred,
Bollys and dysches al to schatred,

There was clynkyng of cart-sadellys, & clatteryng of cannes;

And many hedys brokyn

Of fele frekys⁹ in the feld brokyn were their fannes; Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the braynpannes,¹⁰

And yll were thay besene, or thay went thanns, Wyth swyppyng of swepyls: 2

Thay were so wery for-foght,¹³
Thay myyt not fyyt mare oloft,¹⁴
But creped about in the 'croft,'
As thay were croked crepyls.

Ver. 151. The chiefe, PC. V. 154. yt ys, MS. V. 163. The boyes were, MS. V. 170. creped then about in the croft, MS.

^{[1} hide.
2 a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plough.
3 moonlight.
4 child's.
5 man.
6 fellow.
7 wonderfully.
8 splintered.
9 many men.
10 skulls.
11 dressed.
12 striking fast of the staffs of the flails.
13 over-fought.
14 on horseback.

THE TURNAMENT

175

180

190

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute; Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:

An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!

That I may lyytly come of my noye oute,

For no cost wyl I spare.

He styrt up as a snayle,
And hent³ a capul be the tayle,
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:
Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had done sa;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with
tha:

The Capulls were so wery, that thay myyt not ga,
But styl gon thay stond.

Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;5

Mee had lever then a ston of chese,
That dere Tyb had al these,
And wyst it were my sond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,

215

'Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyyt:
All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syyt
Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyyt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth
plyyt;

And sum broyt gret harwos,³

Ther husbandes hom to fetch,
Sum on dores, and sum on hech,
Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,
And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' everych syde, And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was hys pryde:

Tyb and he, wyth gret 'mirth,' homward con thay ryde, And were al nyyt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde;

And thay 'to church went:'

So wele hys nedys he has sped, That dere Tyb he 'hath' wed; The prayse-folk, that hur led, Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones; Some come hyphalte, and some trippand 'thither'

on the stonys; Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;

Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys:

Ver. 199. Thys, MS. V. 204. hom for to fetch, MS. V. 208. about everych side, MS. V. 209. the gre, is wanting in MS. V. 210. mothe, MS. V. 212. and thay ifere assent, MS. V. 214. had wed, MS. V. 215. The cheefemen, PC. V. 218. trippand on, MS.

^{[1} elder sticks used for candles. 2 rushes. 3 harrows.
4 half door of a cottage. 5 crutch. 6 singing men and women. 7 lame in the hip.]

THE TURNAMENT.

With sorrow come thay thedyr.

Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr.

At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray, very fyve & fyve had a cokenay; and so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day; and at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray: Mekyl myrth was them among;

225

In every corner of the hous Was melody delycyous For to here precyus Of six menys song.†

Six-men's song, i.e. a song for six voices. So Shakespeare is three-man song-men, in his Winter's Tale, act iii. sc. 3, to

In the former impressions this concluding stanza was only en from Bedwell's printed edition, but it is here copied from old MS. wherein it has been since found separated from the t of the poem, by several pages of a money account, and other erogeneous matter.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

HAT our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given meerly as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied on the opposite page.

[When the news of this great victory arrived in England, the people "were literally mad with joy and triumph," and although Henry V. on his entrance into London after the battle, commanded that no "ditties should be made and sung by minstrels or others" in praise of Agincourt, "for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God," several songs have come down to us on this soul-inspiring theme. Besides the present ballad there are, 1. Agincourte Battell, beginning—

"A councell brave our King did hold,"

in the Percy Folio MS. (see Hales and Furnivall's edition, vol. ii. p. 166).

2. Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory, a spirited ballad quoted in Heywood's King Edward IV., the first stanza of which is as follows—

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where English slue and hurt
All their French foemen?
With our pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat downe,
Shot by our bowman."

3. King Henry V., his Conquest of France, commencing—

"As our King lay musing on his bed."

4. The Cambro-Briton's Ballad of Agincourt, by Michael Drayton.

"as the first English regular composition of wh remains."]

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro vic.

WRE kynge went forth to Nor With grace and myyt of chiva The God for hym wrouyt mar Wherefore Englonde may calle Deo gra

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro vict.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say, To Harflue¹ toune with ryal aray; That toune he wan, and made a fray. That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes of Deo gratias,

Then went owre kynge, with alle his Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne mo Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.²

Deo gratias,

Than for sothe that knyyt comely In Agincourt feld he fauvt manly.

25

30

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone, Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone, And some were ledde in to Lundone With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge, His peple, and all his wel wyllynge, Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge, That we with merth mowe savely synge Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

HE sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's Henry and Emma, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the Prolusions, 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book* preserved in the public library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either

This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio; the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf, the song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, "Mr. W!"

2 THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

eceived into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to he *Prolusions* will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS.* described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one

passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, han to ascertain its date. The ballad of the Nutbrowne Mayd was first revived in The Muses Mercury for June, 1707, 4to. being prefaced with a little Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry; n which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum (Harl. MSS. No. 3777). The editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's tale of The Serjeant, &c., which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive, for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before; and as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times.

I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide, That dwelled in this land, that was alves noble; Henry the seaventh, that soveraigne lord," &c.*

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*; we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

[The edition of Richard Arnold's Chronicle (1521) mentioned above, is the second; and the first, which is undated, was printed at Antwerp in 1502. This edition is described in Brydges' Censura Literaria (vol. vi. p. 114), where the Nut-Brown Maid is printed. A copy from the Balliol MS. 354, of about the same date, is printed in Percy's folio manuscript, ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. iii. p. 174. Warton will not allow that the poem was written before the beginning of the sixteenth century, but as Percy says, it is highly improbable that an antiquary would insert a modern piece in his miscellany of curiosities.

Percy has inserted the following note in his folio MS.: "From

the concluding words of this last stanza—

['but men wold that men shold be kind to them eche one, yett I had rather, god to obay and serve but him alone']

it should seem that the author was a woman."

Mr. Skeat remarks that the part of the fourth stanza before the woman speaks, and the first two verses, are still more conclusive on this point. On the other side it is noticeable that the author speaks as a man at line 353:

"... that we may
To them be comfortable;

but this may only be a blind.

Few readers will agree with Percy's estimate of Prior's poem, and *Henry and Emma* is now only remembered because of its connection with the *Nut-Brown Maid*.

Warton justly points out how the simplicity of the original is decorated, dilated, and consequently spoilt by Prior, who crowds his verses with zephyrs, Chloe, Mars, the Cyprian deity, &c. Such lay figures as these are quite out of keeping with the realities of this most exquisite poem.

^{[*} Folio Manuscript, ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i. p. 212.]

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

One instance of Prior's inability to appreciate the beauties of his iginal will be sufficient. The tender allusion at v. 232-3:

"O my swete mother, before all other For you I have most drede,"

lowed by the reflection:

"But nowe adue! I must ensue Where fortune doth me lede,"

entirely omitted by the later poet, who changes

"To shorte my here, a bowe to bere, To shote in tyme of nede,"

"Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair."

The Nut-Brown Maid has always been highly popular (a proof the good taste of the people), and in consequence it figures in aptain Cox's collection described by Laneham. Another proof its popularity is the existence of various parodies, one of nich is of very early date.

It was a common practice in the sixteenth century to turn ordiry ballads into religious songs. The New Nutbrowne Maid, inted by John Skot about 1520, reprinted by George Isted in the Royburghe Club, and again reprinted by Dr. Rim

E it ryght, or wrong, these men among On women do complayne; * Affyrmynge this, how that it is A labour spent in vayne, To love them wele; for never a dele They love a man agayne: For late a man do what he can, Theyr favour to attayne, Yet, yf a newe do them persue, Theyr first true lover than Laboureth for nought; for from her³ thought He is a banyshed man. I say nat nay, but that all day It is bothe writ and sayd That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15 All utterly decayd; But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse In this case might be layd, That they love true, and continue: Recorde the Not-browne Mayde: Which, when her love came, her to prove, To her to make his mone, Wolde nat depart; for in her hart She loved but hym alone.

[•] My friend Mr. Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a Latinism:

[&]quot;Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among, On women to complayne."

Ver. 2. Woman, *Prolusions* and Mr. West's copy. V. 11. her, i.e. their.

^{[1} at intervals, sometimes. 2 not a bit. 3 their.]

6 THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus What was all the manere	25	
Betwayne them two: we wyll also		
Tell all the payne, and fere,1		
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,		
So that ye me answere;	30	
Wherfore, all ye, that present be		
I pray you, gyve an ere.		
"I am the knyght; I come by nyght,		-
As secret as I can;		
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,	35	
I am a banyshed man."		
And I your wyll for to fulfyll		
In this wyll nat refuse;		
Trustying to shewe, in wordes fewe,		
That men have an yll use	40	
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,	4.5	
And causelesse them accuse:		
Therfore to you I answere nowe,		
All women to excuse.—		

Ine NOI-	BRUWNE	MAYD.	37
Or elles to fle: the None other way But to withdrawe And take me to Wherfore, adue, none other red For I must to the Alone, a banysh	y I knowe, as an outlawe my bowe. ny owne hart e I can: grene wode	e, true!	55
	SHE.		
O lord, what is the That changeth My somers day in Is derked' before I here you say, fa We depart's nat Why say ye so? Alas! what have All my welfare to Sholde chaunge For, in my mynde I love but you	as the mone! lusty may re the none. rewell: Nay, so sone. wheder' wyll ye ye done? sorrowe and e, yf ye were e, of all mank	nay, ye go? care gone;	65
	НЕ.		
I can beleve, it she And somewhat But, aftyrwarde, y Within a day o Shall sone aslake Comfort to you Why sholde ye or Your labour we	you greve you dystrayn your paynes h r twayne ; ⁶ and ye sha agayne. ight? for, to	ae; ⁵ arde ll take	75 80
Ver. 63.	The somers, Pro	ol.	
advice I know. whither.	darkened.afflict.	separate.abate.	

[1 advice I know. 4 whither.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to m
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede's to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

. . . .

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,

That I sholde be to blame,

Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:

For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,

To part with you, the same:

And sure all tho, that do not so,

True lovers are they none;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne² out
To wode with an outlawe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,³
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before

135

Ver. 117. To shewe all, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 133. I say hat, Prol. and Mr. W.

[1 those.

² run.

⁸ rather then.]

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,

That men hym take and bynde;

Without pytè, hanged to be,

And waver with the wynde.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)

What rescous¹ coude ye fynde?

Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe

For fere wolde drawe behynde:

And no mervayle; for lytell avayle

Were in your counceyle than:

Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.	4 I
And you to save; as women have From deth 'men' many one: For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.	165
HE.	
Yet take good hede; for ever I drede That ye coude nat sustayne The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, The snowe, the frost, the rayne, The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete, We must lodge on the playne; And, us above, none other rofe But a brake bush, or twayne: Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve; And ye wolde gladly than That I had to the grene wode go, Alone, a banyshed man.	170 175
SHE.	
Syth I have here bene partynère With you of joy and blysse, I must also parte of your wo Endure, as reson is: Yet am I sure of one plesure; And, shortely, it is this: That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude nat fare amysse. Without more speche, I you beseche That we were sone agone; For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.	185

Ver. 172. frost and rayne, Mr. W. V. 174. Ye must, Prol. V. 190. shortley gone, Prol. and Mr. W.

Made of threds and t 'yne;
None other house, but ves and b
'I'm mover your hed ...id myne,
I myne horle swete, this evyll dye
Palichle make you pale and wan;
Whatlere I wyll to the grene wod
Alone, a banyshed man.

Suk.

I the full loss against

John hunders on all assurance

John hunders wares:

John hunders wares:

John hunders wares:

John hunders wares or suc
John hunders wares

John hunders wares

John hunders wares

John hunders

John

्रिक्त द्वीतक के अंद द्वार विश्वास कार्य के अंद स्वयं कर विश्वास कार्य कार्य कर विश्वास कार्य कर विश्वास

With bowe in hande, for to withstande	
Your enemyes, yf nede be:	
And this same nyght before day-lyght,	
To wode-warde wyll I fle.	
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,	22
Do it shortely as ye can;	
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,	
Alone, a banyshed man.	
-	

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you	
Than longeth to womanhede;	230
To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,	
To shote in tyme of nede.	
O my swete mother, before all other	
For you I have most drede:	
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,2	235
Where fortune doth me lede.	
All this make ye: Now let us fle;	
The day cometh fast upon;	
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde	
I love but you alone.	240
•	

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go, And I shall tell ye why,—	
Your appetyght is to be lyght	
Of love, I wele espy:	
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, In lyke wyse hardely	24 5
Ye wolde answere whosoever it were,	
In way of company.	

Ver. 223. the same, *Prol.* and Mr. W.

[1 shorten my hair. 2 follow.]

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assaye
Or¹ I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you lov
A squyer of lowe degrè;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To dy therfore* anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!

It were a cursed dede;

To be felawe with an outlawe!

Almighty God forbede!

Yet beter were, the pore squyère

Alone to forest yede,³

Than ye sholde say another day,

That, by my cursed dede,

Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good m

The best rede that I can,

Is, that I to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

Var and The T

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed¹ me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:

Ver. 278. outbrayd, *Prol*. and Mr. W. V. 282. ye be as, *Prol*. and Mr. W. V. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde, *Prol*. and Mr. W.

^{[1} provided.]

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one;'
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

THF	NOT.	RRO	WNF	MAYD.
בו וו	1 V O 1 -	$D \Lambda C$	<i>YY 1</i>	$m \cap D$.

Than, were the case worse than it was, And I more wo-begone: For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

335

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HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede; I wyll nat dysparage You, (God defend)! syth ye descend Of so grete a lynage. 340 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande, Which is myne herytage, I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge, By way of maryage I wyll you take, and lady make, 345 As shortely as I can: Thus have you won an erlys son,

Author.

And not a banyshed man.

Here may ye se, that women be In love, meke, kynde, and stable; 350 Late never man reprove them than, Or call them variable; But, rather, pray God, that we may To them be comfortable; Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355 Yf they be charytable. For syth men wolde that women sholde Be meke to them each one; Moche more ought they to God obey, And serve but hym alone. 360

Ver. 340. grete lynyage, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 347. Then have, Prol. V. 348. And no banyshed, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352. This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. V. 355. proved—loved, Prol. and Mr. W. Ib. as loveth, Camb. V. 357. Forsoth, Prol. and Mr. W.

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

HE amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville, the gallant Earl Rivers, has been placed by the elegant author of the Catal. of Noble Writers [Horace Walpole], interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed, therefore, that the insertion of this little sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the earl's own handwriting. "In tempore," says this writer, "incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what musyng, &c." Rossi, Hist. 8vo. 2 ed. p. 213. In Rouse the second stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in Anglett Souge from the time of King Henry III to the Resolution

EARL RIVERS.

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This gallant and learned nobleman (brother of Edward IV.'s queen), who was murdered in the forty-first year of his age, figures as a character in Shakspere's Richard III., and as a ghost appears to warn the tyrant on the eve of the battle of Bosworth:

> "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, Rivers that died at Pomfret! despair and die."

MWHAT musyng, And more mornyng, In remembring The unstydfastnes; This world being Of such whelyng, Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowtles, Remediles, Is now to sese My wofull chaunce. For unkyndness, Withouten less, And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displesaunce, To my grevaunce, And no suraunce Of remedy. Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce, Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I, And that gretly, To be content: Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry1 All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent, Hytt is ny² spent. Welcome fortune! But I ne went Thus to be shent,3 But sho⁴ hit ment; Such is hur won.⁵

Ver. 15. That fortune, Rossi, Hist. V. 19. went, i.e. weened.

\[
\text{I turn aside.}
\] 4 she.

² it is near. ⁵ wont or custom. 3 abashed.

2

CUPID'S ASSAULT:

VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

HE reader will think that infant poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, tho' nearly contemporaries; if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the ining ornament of the court of Henry VII., and died in the year 133 [1524, see below].

And yet to this lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his Art of ng. Poesie, 1589, 4to., a writer commonly well informed. Take e passage at large: "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord icholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar aking, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having rein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle id Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and opre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but t downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be nended. When Cupid Scaled," &c. p. 200. For a farther acount of Nicholas, Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, ol. i.

Since this song was first printed off, reasons have occurred which cline me to believe that Lord Vaux, the poet, was not the Lord Poetrie, 1586, ranges them in the following order: "The E. of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the first volume of this work [B. ii. No. 2.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey. Again, the stile and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII., and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes. But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, I lothe that I did love [vid. vol. i. ubi supra], with this title, "A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No. 1703, sec. 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux, the poet, was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII., but either his son or grandson; and yet, according to Dugdale's *Baronage*, the former was named Thomas and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux,* except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in

which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas, Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear, but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304. Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

The following copy is printed from the first edition of Surrey's *Poems*, 1557, 4to. See another song of Lord Vaux's in the pre-

ceding volume, B. ii. No. 2.

[Percy is correct in his supposition that the poet was Thomas, second Lord Vaux, and not his father Nicholas, who died May 14th, 1524, only seventeen days after he was advanced to the peerage.]

^{*} In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

CUPID'S ASSAULT:

HEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

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There sawe I Love upon the wall, How he his banner did display; Alarme, alarme, he gan to call: And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,¹
In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest In colours like to white and blacke, With powder and with pelletes prest To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,

BY LORD VAUX.	53
Then first Desire began to scale, And shrouded him under 'his' targe; As one the worthiest of them all, And aptest for to geve the charge.	30
Then pushed souldiers with their pikes, And halberdes with handy strokes; The argabushe ² in fleshe it lightes, And duns the ayre with misty smokes.	35
And, as it is the souldiers use When shot and powder gins to want, I hanged up my flagge of truce, And pleaded up for my livès grant.	40
When Fansy thus had made her breche, And Beauty entred with her band, With bagge and baggage, sely wretch, I yelded into Beauties hand.	
Then Beautie bad to blow retrete, And every souldier to retire, And mercy wyll'd with spede to set Me captive bound as prisoner.	45
Madame, quoth I, sith that this day Hath served you at all assayes, I yeld to you without delay Here of the fortresse all the kayes.	50
And sith that I have ben the marke, At whom you shot at with your eye; Nedes must you with your handy warke, Or salve my sore, or let me die.	55

Ver. 30. her, ed. 1557, so ed. 1585.

[1 shield. 2 harquebuss, or old-fashioned musket. 3 simple.]

SIR ALDINGAR.

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

HIS old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and compleat the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor that the author of this poem sems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is somemes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called ing) Henry.

[Percy's MS. note in his folio is as follows: "Without some prrections this will not do for my Reliques." Readers will be able judge for themselves as to the relative beauties of the two, now at the original is printed at the end of Percy's amended copy. The make the interpolations more apparent, Percy's added verses the placed between brackets, and it will be seen that these contain such of the phraseology and many of the stock prettinesses of the plite ballad-monger; some of the most vivid bits of the old balladeing passed over. Percy keeps tolerably to the story, except at he makes the second messenger one of the queen's damsels stead of a man. Sir Walter Scott supposes Sir Aldingar to be

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There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day." *

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,

[And hyed him to our king:]

"If I might have grace, as I have space,

["Sad tydings I could bring."]

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe's to mee.
"Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make the a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the king's evil.

^{[1} burnt.

² leper.

³ truth.]

SIR ALDINGAR.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar, [As God nowe grant it bee! Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,] Shall hang on the gallows tree.	40
[He brought our king to the queenes chamber, And opend to him the dore.] A lodlye love, king Harry says, For our queene dame Elinore!	
If thou were a man, as thou art none, [Here on my sword thoust dye;] But a payre of new gallowes shall be built, And there shalt thou hang on hye.	45
[Forth then hyed our king, I wysse, And an angry man was hee; And soone he found queene Elinore, That bride so bright of blee. ²]	50
Now God you save, our queene, madame, And Christ you save and see; Heere you have chosen a newe newe love, And you will have none of mee	55

I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve, In my bed wheras I laye, I dreamt a grype¹ and a grimlie beast Had carryed my crowne awaye;	70
My gorgett ² and my kirtle ³ of golde, And all my faire head-geere: And he wold worrye me with his tush ⁴ And to his nest y-beare:	75
Saving there came a litle 'gray' hawke, A merlin him they call, Which untill the grounde did strike the grype, That dead he downe did fall.	80
Giffe ⁵ I were a man, as now I am none, A battell wold I prove, To fight with that traitor Aldingar; Att him I cast my glove.	
But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, My liege, grant me a knight To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar, To maintaine me in my right."	85
"Now forty dayes I will give thee To seeke thee a knight therin: If thou find not a knight in forty dayes Thy bodye it must brenn."	90
[Then shee sent east, and shee sent west, By north and south bedeene: 6 But never a champion colde she find,] Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.	95
Ver. 77. see below, v. 137.	
[1] griffin. 2 neckerchief. 3 netticoat:	

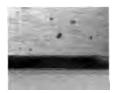
[1 griffin

² neckerchief. ⁵ if.

petticoat.
immediately.

SIR ALDINGAR.

[Now twenty dayes were spent and gone, Noe helpe there might be had; Many a teare shed our comelye queene And aye her hart was sad. Then came one of the queenes damselles, And knelt upon her knee, "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame, I trust yet helpe may be: "And here I will make mine avowe,1 105 And with the same me binde; That never will I return to thee, Till I some helpe may finde." Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye Oer hill and dale about: 110 But never a champion colde she finde, Wolde fighte with that knight so stout. And nowe the daye drewe on a pace, When our good queene must dye; All woe-begone was that faire damselle, 115 When she found no helpe was nye.



SIR ALDINGAR. 59 Yet turn againe, thou faire damsèlle, And greete thy queene from mee: 130 When bale¹ is att hyest, boote² is nyest, Nowe helpe enoughe may bee. Bid her remember what she dreamt In her bedd, wheras shee laye; How when the grype and the grimly beast 135 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye, Even then there came the litle gray hawke, And saved her from his clawes: Then bidd the queene be merry at hart, [For heaven will fende³ her cause.] 140 Back then rode that faire damselle, And her hart it lept for glee: And when she told her gracious dame A gladd woman then was shee. But when the appointed day was come, 145 No helpe appeared nye: Then woeful, woeful was her hart, And the teares stood in her eye. And nowe a fyer was built of wood; And a stake was made of tree; 150 And now queene Elinor forth was led, A sorrowful sight to see. Three times the herault he waved his hand, And three times spake on hye: Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155 Come forth, or she must dye. No knight stood forth, no knight there came, No helpe appeared nye: And now the fyer was lighted up, Queen Elinor she must dye. 160 [1 evil. ³ help. 3 defend.]

And loose our comelye queene:

I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his bac
And weened¹ he had been beguylde.

"Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar, And eyther fighte or flee; I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, Thoughe I am so small to see."

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde So gilt it dazzled the ee; The first stroke stricken at Aldingar

Smote off his leggs by the knee.

"Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor, And fight upon thy feete, For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st, Of height wee shall be meete."

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr, While I am a man alive. A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr, Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene, Bot shee wolde never consent;

There came a lazar to the kings gates, A lazar both blind and lame: I tooke the lazar upon my backe, And on her bedd had him layne.	195
[Then ranne I to our comlye king, These tidings sore to tell.] But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar, Falsing never doth well.	200
Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame, The short time I must live. "Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar, As freely I forgive."	
Here take thy queene, our king Harryè, And love her as thy life, [For never had a king in Christentye, A truer and fairer wife.	205
King Henrye ran to claspe his queene, And loosed her full sone: Then turnd to look for the tinye boye; —The boye was vanisht and gone.	210
But first he had touchd the lazar man, And stroakt him with his hand: The lazar under the gallowes tree All whole and sounde did stand.	215
The lazar under the gallowes tree Was comelye, straight and tall; King Henrye made him his head stewarde To wayte within his hall.	220
4	

HE following is the original version from the folio MS. reprinted from Hales and Furnivall's ed. vol. i. p. 166:

Our king he kept a ffalse steward, men called him Sir Aldingar

SIR ALDINGAR.

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	12
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SIR ALDINGAR	€3
goe with me," saide our comby king, "this Lazar for to see."	4
When the King he came into the queenes chamber, standing her hed befor, "there is a lodly lume," says Harry King "for our dame Queene Eliner."	ął
"If thou were a man, as thou art none, here thou sholdest be slame: but a paire of new gallower shall be hill?] thoust hang on them see lye;	<i>5</i> 2
"and fayre four there shalle been and breat our Queene shall bee." fforth then walked our comily King, & mett with our comily Queene,	51
saies, "God you same, our Queene, Madam, and Christ you same is set." heere you have chosen a new new inne, and you will have mone of mee.	s c
"If you had chosen a right good Knight the lesse he beene your shame, but you have chosen a lazer man, that is both himd & lame."	£ .
"Ener alacke" said our tunity (neene, "Sir Aldir ene was put mee: but ever alac ought no the tunity (neene, "Ever alac ware of those: "I had thought the said never been true; I have proposed than the sa the last; I dreamed in my sweapen on thursday at eneninge in my bed wheras I kay,	64
"I dreamed the grype & a grimme heast had carryed my crowne away, my gorgett & my kirde of gride, and all my faire heade green;	75
"How he wold have worryed me with his tash & borne me into his nest, saving there came a litle hawk flying out of the East,	3 0



"Seing I am able noe battell to make, you must grant me, my leege, a Knight to fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar, to maintaine me in my right."

"Ile giue thee 40 dayes," said our King,
"to seeke thee a man therin;
if thou find not a man in 40 dayes,
in a hott fyer thou shall brenn."

Our Queene sent forth a Messenger, he rode fast into the south, he rode the countryes through & through, soe ffar vnto Portsmouth;

he cold find never a man in the south countr that wold fight with the knight soe keene.

the second messenger the Queen forth sent, rode far into the east, but—blessed be God made sun he sped then all of the best

as he rode then by one river should there he mett with a litle child, he seemed noe more in a mans likenesse then a child of 4 yeeres old;

He askt the Queenes Messenger how far he r loth he was him to tell; the litle one was offended att him, bid him adew, farwell!

I " tume their amine their necessar

SIR ALDINGAR. 65 "bid our queene remember what she did dreame in her bedd wheras shee lay; 120 shee dreamed the grype & the grimly beast had carryed her crowne away, "her gorgett & her kirt[l]e of gold, alsoe her faire head geere, 124 he wold have werryed her with his tushe & borne her into her nest, "Saving there came a litle hawke men call him a merlyon-128 vntill the ground he did strike him downe, that dead he did ffall downe. "bidd the queene be merry att her hart, euermore light & glad, 132 when bale is att hyest, boote is at next, helpe enoughe there shalbe [had."] then the Queenes Messenger rode backe, a gladed man then was hee; 136 when he came before our Queene, a gladd woman then was shee; shee gaue the Messenger 2011: O lord, in gold & ffee, 140 saies, "spend & spare not while this doth last, then feitch thou more of me." Our Queene was put in a tunne to burne, She thought no thing but death; 144 thé were ware of the litle one came ryding forth of the East with a Mu (line cut away) . . . a louelie child was hee: 148 when he came to that fier, he light the Queene full nigh; said, "draw away these brands of fire lie burning before our Queene, 152 & feitch me hither Sir Aldingar that is a knight soe keene.' When Aldingar see that litle one, 156 ffull litle of him hee thought, if there had beene halfe a 100 such, of them he wold not have wrought.

2

SIR ALDINGAR.

hee sayd, "come hither Sir Aldingar, thou see-must as bigge as a flooder! I trust to god, ere I haue done with thee, God will send to vs anger."	160
saies, "the first stroke thats giuen, Sir Aldingar, I will giue vnto thee, & if the second giue thou may, looke then thou spare not mee."	164
the litle one pulld forth a well good sword, I-wis itt was all of guilt, it cast light there over that feild, it shone soe all of guilt:	168
he stroke the first stroke att Aldingar, he stroke away his leggs by his knee,	172
sayes, "stand vp, stand vp, thou false traitor, & fight vpon thy feete! "for & thou thriue as thou begins, of a height wee shalbe meete."	176
"A preist, a preist!" sayes Aldingar, "me for to houzle & shriue! A preist, a preist," sayes Aldingar, "while I am a man liuing a-liue!	180
"I wold haue laine by our comlie Queene;	



SIR ALDINGAR.

67

"Now take thy wife, thou K[ing] Harry, & loue her as thou shold; thy wiffe shee is a[s] true to thee as stone that lies on the castle wall."

200

the Lazar vnder the gallow tree
was a pretty man & small,
the Lazar vnder the gallow tree
was made steward in King Henerys hall.

204

ffins.]

X.

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

RADITION informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor, Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of *The Gaberlunyie Man*; and in another intitled *The Jolly Beggar*, beginning thus:

"Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun, And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.

Fa, la, la," &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,† where the ingenious writer remarks, that "there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar."

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: and, notwithstanding that

^{*} Sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

† Vol. ii. p. 203.

as a tyrant and a man odious in every respect, until, u strain himself, he threw off his disguise, and told his a he was the king. "Are you really the king?" said the ing his self-possession; "weel, ye'll maybe hae heard o he gaed daft three days regularly every year, and in spoke naething but lies and nonsense: now I'm exact way, and this is one of my three days." There is no a attributing the present song to James V., except a universal tradition. The word gaberlunyie is compound a wallet, and lunyie, the loins: hence a travelling tink carrying a wallet by his side, was called a "gaberli Scott has sketched a vivid portrait of one of these private gars in his Antiquary, Edie Ochiltree, to wit. The Joi printed in Herd's Scottish Songs, ii. 164, and in Rits Songs, i. 168. Competent authorities are not willing credit of the authorship of Christ's Kirk on the James I. and give it to James V.]

HE pauky auld Carle¹ came oving Wi' mony good-eens and days to Saying, Goodwife, for your cour Will ye lodge a silly² poor mathe night was cauld, the carle was was

And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow!⁵ quo he, were I as free, As first when I saw this countrie, How blyth and merry wad I bee!

20

35

40

He grew canty, and she grew fain;	
But little did her auld minny ken ³	
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,	15
When wooing they were sa thrang.5	

And O! quo he, ann ye were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou sould gang.
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths,
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!
For some of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown* that could be mist.
She dancid her lane,9 cryd, Praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Ver. 29. The carline, other copies.

['	merr these	y.	
4	these	sly	two.

² fond. ⁵ so close.

mother know.clad me handsomely.

⁷ chest. 8 stolen.

⁹ alone by herself.]

And fast to her goodwife can say,
Shes aff with the gaberlunyie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And hast ye, find these traitors agen;
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
The wearyfou gaberlunyie-man.
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sin
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
For snug in a glen, where nane could so
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was gude, it pleas them
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunyie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you, Illfardly wad she crook her mou, Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow, Aftir the gaberlunyie-mon.



THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

71

My dear, quo he, yee're yet owre yonge;
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunyie on.

Wi' kauk and keel,¹ Ill win your bread,
And spindles and whorles² for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75
The gaberlunyie to carrie—0.
Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee,
A criple or blind they will cau me:
While we sall sing and be merrie—0. 20

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from one of the angry partisans of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 10th, 1540, and that of his being beheaded, July 28 following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. The original copy, printed at London in 1540, is intitled, A newe

chalk and ruddle.
 instruments used for spinning in Scotland.

ON THOMAS

lade made of Thomas Crumwel, called "Trolle on away." To it prefixed this distich by way of burthen:

"Trolle on away, trolle on awaye. Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away."

The following piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which s carried on thro' a succession of seven or eight ballads, written and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the hives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio collection of clamations, &c., made in the reigns of King Henry VIII., King ward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I., &c.

Thomas Cromwell, called Malleus Monachorum, came of a od old Lincolnshire family. He was born about the year 1490 Putney, where his father carried on the business of an ironnder, which his enemies reduced to that of a blacksmith. His her died early, and in consequence of the re-marriage of his ther, he became a wanderer.

The author of the poor play, entitled The Life and Death of omas Lord Cromwell, which has been absurdly attributed to akspere, makes "old Cromwell, a blacksmith, of Putney," live to

his son "made lord keeper."

There is a fragment of a ballad on Cromwell without any bening in the Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i. p. 127), ich ends as follows:



OTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
Now that he is set to learne to spell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face, Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace; 5 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace. Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst.

Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10 Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes, Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace! Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face, Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.

Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature, Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture; But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure. Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke, One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke, For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke. Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;
But euer was full of iniquite:
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

ON THOMAS

Il they, that were of the new trycke,
gaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke;
Therfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

othe sacramentes and sacramentalles hou woldyst not suffre within thy walles; or let vs praye for all chrysten soules.

Synge, &c.

30

If what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell, Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell, or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Synge, &c.

hou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
ut couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
and nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

Tho-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
Therfore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose, yeause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.

Hevye and how rombelowe¹ trolle on awaye.

XII.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

HIS beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes of the Earl of Surrey, &c., 4to. in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by uncertain auctours. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII.; but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See

Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19, 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherd's Calendar,* this will be found far superior to any of those eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

[Warton describes this poem as "perhaps the first example in our language now remaining of the pure and unmixed pastoral, and in the erotic species for ease of numbers, elegance of rural allusion excelling everything of the kind in Spenser, who is erroneously ranked as our earliest English bucolic." He did not, however, take into account Robin and Makine, which follows Harpalus in this book, but was written more than half a century before it. Spenser-lovers also are not likely to agree with Percy's and Warton's summary judgments upon the Shepherd's Calendar.]

^{*} First published in 1579.

^{[1} The burden of an old song.]

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:

And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye, For Harpalus to winne: For Corin was her onely joye, Who forst² her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlandes make
Of couslips and of colombine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure, And forced more the field:³ Of lovers lawe he toke no cure; For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and lean And drye as clot of clay: His fleshe it was consumed cleane;

TTA	73	D	A	~	7 7	٠.	•
ΠA	R	P_{\nearrow}	7		II	. `	

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	٠,
•	

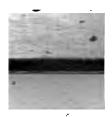
His beard it had not long be shave; His heare hong all unkempt: A man most fit even for the grave, Whom spitefull love had spent.	30
His eyes were red and all 'forewacht;' His face besprent with teares: It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,' In mids of his dispaires.	3.
His clothes were blacke, and also bare; As one forlorne was he; Upon his head alwayes he ware A wreath of wyllow tree.	44
His beastes he kept upon the hyll, And he sate in the dale; And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril, He gan to tell his tale.	
Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say) Unhappiest under sunne! The cause of thine unhappy day, By love was first begunne.	4:
For thou wentest first by sute to seeke A tigre to make tame, That settes not by thy love a leeke; But makes thy griefe her game.	5
As easy it were for to convert The frost into 'a' flame; As for to turne a frowarde hert, Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.	5:

Ver. 33, &c. The corrections are from ed. 1574.

[1 overwakeful.]

HARPALUS.

Corin he liveth carèlesse: He leapes among the leaves: He eates the frutes of thy redresse: Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves.	60
My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine, And harke your herdmans sounde: Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine, Through-girt² with many a wounde.	
O happy be ye, beastès wilde, That here your pasture takes: I se that ye be not begilde Of these your faithfull makes. ³	65
The hart he feedeth by the hinde: The bucke harde by the do: The turtle dove is not unkinde To him that loves her so.	70
The ewe she hath by her the ramme: The yong cow hath the bull: The calfe with many a lusty lambe	75



HARPALUS. 79 O Cupide, graunt this my request, And do not stoppe thine eares; 90 That she may feele within her brest The paines of my dispaires: Of Corin 'who' is carèlesse, That she may crave her fee: As I have done in great distresse, 95 That loved her faithfully. But since that I shal die her slave; Her slave, and eke her thrall: Write you, my frendes, upon my grave This chaunce that is befall. 100 "Here lieth unhappy Harpalus By cruell love now slaine: Whom Phylida unjustly thus

XIII.

Hath murdred with disdaine."

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

An Ancient Scottish Pastoral.

HE palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply as it stands in the old editions; whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose Evergreen, vol. i. it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may, however, compare it with the more original copy, printed among Ancient Scottish Poems, from the

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

S. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinburgh, 1770, 12mo. Mr. obert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) apears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we e sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is intained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish pet, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century:

"In Dunfermline he [Death] hes done roun Gud Maister Robert Henrisoun."

Indeed, some little further insight into the history of this Scoth bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems eserved in the British Museum, viz. The morall Fabillis of Esop, mpylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, scolmaister of Dummling, 1571. Harl. MSS. 3865, § 1.

In Ramsay's Evergreen, vol. i. are preserved two other little oric pieces by Henryson: the one intitled The Lyon and the Touse, the other The garment of gude Ladyis. Some other of his pems may be seen in the Ancient Scottish Poems, printed from annatyne's MS. above referred to.

[This remarkable poem is peculiarly interesting as being the rliest specimen of pastoral poetry in the language. Campbell lls it "the first known pastoral, and one of the best in a dialect th with the favours of the pastoral muse." Langhorne writes stly:

"In gentle Henryson's unlaboured strain Sweet Arethusa's shepherd breath'd again."

"Makyne went hame blyth anneuche, Attour the holltis hair; Robene murnit, and Makyne leuche; Scho sang, he sichit sair And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch, In dolour and in cair, Kepand his hird under a huche Amangis the holtis hair."

In the Evergreen version, the last verse is altered to "Amang the rushy gair," either because the words "holtis hair" occur in verse two of the stanza, or that the Editor saw an impropriety in the close vicinity of the similar words holt and heuch. The two words "holtis hair" are explained as hoary hills or hoary woods, but Finlay (Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, 1808, vol. ii. p. 193) holds that "hair" really means high, and derives it from Isl. har = altus. He says that a high rock in some of the northern counties of Scotland, where the dialect is strongly tinctured with Danish, is called "hair craig," and that the same word lingers on in the Harestone of the Borough Moor, Edinburgh, which obtained its name in the following manner: The laird of Pennycuik held certain lands by a strange tenure. He was obliged to mount a large stone or rock, and salute the king with three blasts of a horn whenever he passed that way. This rock or eminence was called the "Harestone," and still exists near Morningside Church. Hoary, however, is to be understood as grey and not as white with snow, so that the hare-stone is probably the grey stone. The word holt may also mean a heath, and Cædmon uses the phrase "har hæ" = hoar or grey heath.

The date (1571) attached to Henryson's version of Esop's Fables is that of transcription. It is not known when the Fables were first printed, but they were reprinted by Robert Lekpreuik for Henry Charteris in 1570. They are supposed to have been

written between 1470 and 1480.

Henryson wrote several other short poems, as well as the Testament of Cresseid, written as a continuation or supplement to Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, all of which have been collected for the first time into an elegant volume by David Laing, who has added notes and a memoir of the poet (Edinburgh, 1865).

This Testament has a particular interest for us, because Shakspere referred to it when he wrote "Cressida was a beggar" (Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. 1). In lines in Henryson's poem

which illustrate this passage, are as follows:
"Thair was na buit [help], bot furth with thame scho yeid

Fra place to place, quhill cauld and houng ir sair Ll. 481-3.]

Compellit hir to be ane rank beggair."

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

OBIN sat on the gude grene hill,

Keipand a flock of fie,

Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,

"O Robin rew on me:

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,⁵
Thir towmonds⁶ twa or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,⁷
Doubtless but dreid Ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
Naithing of love I knaw,
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:
Lo quhair they raik on raw.⁸
Quhat can have mart⁹ thee in thy mude,¹⁰
Thou Makyne to me schaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?¹¹
Fain wald I leir¹² that law.

10

15

"The law of luve gin thou wald leir, Tak thair an A, B, C; Be heynd, 13 courtas, and fair of feir, 14

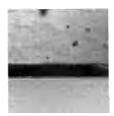


ROBIN AND MAKYNE.	83
Robin, he answert her againe, I wat not quhat is luve; But I haif marvel in certaine	2 5
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe. ¹ The wedder is fair, and I am fain; ² My sheep gais hail abuve; ³ And sould we pley us on the plain, They wald us baith repruve.	30
"Robin, tak tent' unto my tale, And wirk' all as I reid; And thou sall haif my heart all hale, Eik and my maiden-heid: Sen God, he sendis bute for bale, And for murning remeid,	35
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale, ⁹ Doubtless I am but deid."	40
Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde, Gif ye will meit me heir, Maybe my sheip may gang besyde, Quhyle we have liggd full neir; But maugre haif I, gif I byde, ¹⁰ Frae thay begin to steir, Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd, Then Makyne mak gude cheir.	45
"Robin, thou reivs" me of my rest; I luve bot thee alane." Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west, The day is neir-hand gane.	50

^{[1} uneasy. 2 glad. 3 go healthful in the uplands.
4 heed. 5 do. 6 advise.
7 since God sends good for evil. 8 for mourning remedy.
9 in secret with thee, unless I share thy favour.
10 But ill will may I have if I stay. 11 bereavest.]

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

"Robin, in dule ¹ I am so drest, That luve will be my bane." Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye list, For leman I luid nane.	55
"Robin, I stand in sic a style, I sich² and that full sair." Makyne, I have bene here this quyle; At hame I wish I were. "Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle, Gif thou will do nae mair." Makyne, som other man beguyle, For hameward I will fare.	60
Syne Robin on his ways he went, As light as leif on tree; But Makyne murnt and made lament, Scho³ trow'd him neir to see.	65
Robin he brayd attowre the bent: Then Makyne cried on hie, "Now may thou sing, for I am shent! Quhat ailis luve at me?"	70
M-1	



ROBIN AND MAKYNE.	85
All hale thy heart for till have myne, Is all my coveting; My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne, Will need of nae keiping.	85
"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say, In gests and storys auld, The man that will not when he may, Sall have nocht when he wald. I pray to heaven baith nicht and day, Be eiked¹ their cares sae cauld, That presses first with thee to play Be forrest, firth, or fauld."2	90
Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry, The wether warm and fair, And the grene wod richt neir-hand by, To walk attowre all where: There may nae janglers³ us espy, That is in luve contrair; Therin, Makyne, baith you and I Unseen may mak repair.	100
"Robin, that warld is now away, And quyt brocht till an end: And nevir again thereto, perfay, Sall it be as thou wend; For of my pain thou made but play; I words in vain did spend: As thou hast done, sae sall I say, Murn on, I think to mend."	105
Makyne, the hope of all my heil, ⁶ My heart on thee is set; I'll evermair to thee be leil, ⁵ Quhyle I may live but lett, ⁶	115

Ver. 99. Bannatyne's MS. has woid, not woud, as in ed. 1770.

[1 enlarged. 2 by forest, copse, or field. 3 tell-tales. 4 health or happiness. 5 true. 6 live without hindrance.]

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

Never to fail as uthers feill, Quhat grace so eir I get. "Robin, with thee I will not deill; Adieu, for thus we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Attowre the holtis hair;
Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he sicht sair:
And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the rushy gair.

120

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

87



GENTLE HERDSMAN.

of Walsingham.* At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italicks.†

[The shrine of the Virgin *t Walsingham was the favourite English resort of pilgrims for nearly four hundred years, and the people of Norfolk were in great distress when their image was taken away from them, and the stream of votaries was suddenly stopped. In a copy of the Reliques in the library of the British Museum, there is a MS. note by William Cole to the following effect: "I was lately informed that the identical image of our lady of Walsingham being mured up in an old wall, and there discovered on pulling it down, was presented by the Earl of Leicester (Coke) to a relative of his of the Roman Catholic religion."

The shrine was connected with a Priory of Augustinian Canons, which was founded during the episcopate of William Turbus, Bishop of Norwich (1146-1174). When Henry III. made his pilgrimage to the shrine in the year 1241, it had long been famous, and was probably more frequented even than the tomb of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage, and in number and quality the devotees appear to have equalled those who toiled to the Lady of Loretto in Italy. Several of our kings visited the shrine after Henry III. had set the example. Edward I. was there in 1280 and in 1296, Edward II. in 1315, and Edward IV. and his queen in 1469. Henry VII. offered his prayers in "our Lady's Church" at Christmas time 1486-7, and in the following summer, after the battle of Stoke, "he sent his banner to be offered to our Lady of Walsingham, where before he made his vows." Spelman gives on hearsay evidence the report that Henry VIII., in the second year of his reign, walked barefoot to Walsingham from a neighbouring village, and then presented a valuable necklace to the image. Bartholo-

See at the end of this ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

^{[†} In the Folio MS. is the following note by Percy:—"Since I first transcribed this song for the press part of the leaf has been worne away. It was once exactly as I have represented it in my book." Ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. iii. p. 526.]

Walsingham," and that she herself had vowed to go on j there for him. (Ed. Fenn, iii. 22.)

The total income of the place (including the offering ported to be £650 in the twenty-sixth year of Henreign, and Roger Ascham, when visiting Cologne in 15 this remark: "The Three Kings be not so rich, I belie the Lady of Walsingham." Now the treasures at Co said to have been worth six millions of francs (£240,000)

The road to Walsingham was a well-frequented one, as was set up in every town it passed through. An old trac by Newmarket, Brandon, and Castle Acre, which was us pilgrims, was known as the "Palmer's Way" or "W.

Green Way."

The Milky Way ("the Watling-street of the heavens," a has it) has been associated with pilgrimages in several In Norfolk, the long streaming path of light was suppoint the pilgrim on his road to Walsingham, and was quence called the "Walsingham Way." In Italy, in Fr in the north of Europe it has been called "St. Jago "Jacobsstrasse," &c., as pointing the way to Compostella of its Turkish names is "The Hadji's Way," as indic road to Mecca.¹

Among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Libi Lament for Walsingham, in the handwriting of Philip Arundel, the third stanza of which is as follows:

"Bitter, bitter, oh! to behould
the grasse to growe
Where the walles of Walsingam
So statly did sheue.
Such were the workes of Walsingam
While shee did stand!
Such are the wrackes as now do shewe
of that holy land!
Levell Levell with the grand.

10

20

The whole poem is printed in the Folio MS. ed. Hales and

Furnivall, vol. iii. p. 470.

The late Mr. John Gough Nichols published in 1849 a very interesting volume, containing a translation of the *Colloquy of Erasmus*, with valuable notes in illustration of it, under the following title: "Pilgrimages to Saint Mary of Walsingham and Saint Thomas of Canterbury, by Desiderius Erasmus, newly translated . . . and illustrated by J. G. Nichols. Westminster. 1849." sm. 8vo. This work has lately been reprinted.

An excellent description of Walsingham Priory, with an account of the excavations made on its site in 1853, will be found in Henry Harrod's Gleanings among the Castles and Convents of Nor-

folk, 8vo. Norwich, 1857, pp. 155-197.]

ENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise, And the way never soe ill, Itt were not enough for mine offence; Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

My wayward cruelty could kill: And though my teares will nought avail Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights, None ever more sincere colde bee; Of comely mien and shape hee was, And tenderlye hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as he

*And grew soe coy and nice to please, As women's lookes are often soe,

"'And' still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn, He left me to my pride, And sought a solitude forlorn, In secret, where he dy'd.

[•] Three of the following stanzas have been finely j by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of Edwin at the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing the original.

He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth, Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.	40
Thus being wearyed with delayes To see I pittyed not his greeffe, He gott him to a secrett place, And there he dyed without releeffe.	
And for his sake these weeds I weare, And sacriffice my tender age; And every day Ile begg my bread, To undergoe this pilgrimage.	45
Thus every day I fast and pray, And ever will doe till I dye; And gett me to some secrett place, For soe did hee, and soe will I.	50
Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more, But keepe my secretts I thee pray; Unto the towne of Walsingam Show me the right and readye way.	5.5
"Now goe thy wayes, and God before! For he must ever guide thee still: Turne downe that dale, the right hand path, And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"	60

*** To shew what constant tribute was paid to Our Lady of Walsingham, I shall give a few extracts from the "Houshold-Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770, 8vo.

I'll seek the solitude he sought, And stretch me where he lay.

"And there for orn despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did
And so for him will I."

[Goldsmith did not follow the last two verses, but made his ending much more sentimental than that of the old ballad.]

wrought by a covenaunt maid with the Channon by gr the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrn

vi s. viiij d.

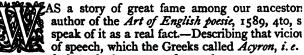
Item, My Lord useth and accustomith to syende yerely Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsy for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said lightynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the xij d.

Item, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tym

thorowt the yere,—iij s. iiij d.

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER TAMWORTH



we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth spethe Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used ver talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] sa with a certain rude repentance,

'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,'

his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. I am afraid," concludes this sagacious writer, "the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward," p. 214.—The phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present,* but occurs with some variation in another old poem, intitled John the Reeve, described in the following volume (see the Preface to the King and the Miller),† viz.

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
And Edward wer in this place,
Hee shold not touch this tonne:
He wold be wroth with John I hope,
Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come." Pt. ii. st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black-letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of *The King and the Barker*, reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts and old Printed Copies, &c." Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique Poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

[This ballad was a great favourite with our ancestors and is probably of consider the antiquity.

The earliest entry of it upon the Registers of the Stationers' Company is to William Griffith in 1564, but no such edition is known to bibliographers. It is possible, however, that Puttenham may have found the line quoted above—

"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow"

in that edition.

It belongs to the large class of tales in which the sovereign is

[•] Nor in that of the *Barker* mentioned below. [† Vol. iii. Book 2, No. 20.]

among the Ashmole MSS. at Oxtord, Kovin Hooa an Friar, and Robin Hood and the Monk, all begin wi words as this ballad—

"In summer time when leaves grow green.

The present version is an eclectic copy, polished and r Percy.]

N summer time, when leaves grown And blossoms bedecke the tree King Edward wolde a hunting some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him I With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe By eight of clocke in the day, When he was ware of a bold tannèr, Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on Fast buttoned under his chin, And under him a good cow-hide, And a mare of four shilling.*

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all, Under the grene wood spraye; And I will wend to yonder fellowe, To weet¹ what he will saye.	20
God speede, God speede thee, said our king, Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee. "The readyest waye to Drayton Basset I praye thee to shewe to mee."	
"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, Fro the place where thou dost stand? The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto, Turne in upon thy right hand."	2.5
That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king, Thou doest but jest I see: Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye, And I pray thee wend with mee.	30
Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner: I hold thee out of thy witt: All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, And I am fasting yett.	3.5
"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset, No daynties we will spare; All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best, And I will paye thy fare."	40
Gramercye ² for nothing, the tanner replyde, Thou payest no fare of mine: I trowe I've more nobles in my purse, Than thou hast pence in thine.	

has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.— Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

[¹ know. ² thank you.]

KING EDWARD IV. AND

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, And send them well to priefe. The tanner wolde faine have beene away, For he weende he had beene a thiefe.	45
What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe, Of thee I am in great feare, For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe, Might beseeme a lord to weare.	50
I never stole them, quoth our king, I tell you, sir, by the roode. "Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, And standest in midds of thy goode."*	55
What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge, As you ryde farre and neare? "I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse, But that cowe-hides are deare."	60
"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are thos I marvell what they bee?" What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;	e?

That thou Thou woldst	ven forfend,1 the to my prentise were spend more good shilling a yere.		2 75
If thou wi Thoughe my	ge wolde I, sayd It not seeme strar y horse be better thee I faine wold	nge : than thy mare,	80
As change By the faith	th me thou faine we full well maye we of my bodye, thoe some boot of the	ree, ou proude fellòwe,	
I sweare, My horse is	gainst reason, say so mote I thee: ³ better than thy m thou well mayst s	nare,	85
And softly Thy horse is	ut Brocke is gently she will fare: s unrulye and wild ing here and the	l, I wiss;	90
Now tell r	wilt thou have? one in this stound. nor half pence, be le in gold so roun	4	95
Sith thou I would have	ntye groates of w will have it of me e sworne now, que st not had one per	ee." oth the tanner,	100
avert it. moment.]	² profit.	³ so may I thrive	

I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide, That of the cow was hilt; And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,

That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
"Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,

Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge; The tanner a f ** lett fall.

Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng. Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges sac And his foote in the stirrup was; He marvelled greatlye in his minde, Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile was And eke the blacke cowe-horne; He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranks the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat, And held by the pummil fast:

140

145

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd, With mee he shall not byde.

"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd, Nowe tell me in this stounde?

"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye, But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:

And I have one more, which we will spend Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, you come thy fellowes 155
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, soe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrey,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

KING EDWARD IV.

A coller, a coller, here: sayd the king, A coller he loud gan crye; Then woulde he lever then twentye pound, He had not beene so nighe.	165
A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd, I trowe it will breed sorrowe: After a coller commeth a halter, I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.	170
Be not afraid Tanner, said our king; I tell thee, so mought I thee, Lo here I make thee the best esquire That is in the North countrie.*	175
For Plumpton-parke I will give thee, With tenements faire beside: 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the ye To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.	are,
Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde, For the favour thou hast me showne; If ever thou comest to merry Tannyarth	

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

HE scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you save, you jolly palmer!
'Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love.'
—Oft have I said you nay."

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's Knt. of the burning pestle, act ii. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c. 4to. 1618; act i.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and Gentle Herdsman, &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written,

^{*} Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

[&]quot;Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves, Wenten to Walsingham, and her† wenches after."

[†] i.e. their.

ferior to that of the MS. and does very little credit to Sher poetical taste. A copy of the song in the Bodleian librar Rawl. 85 fol. 124) is signed W. R., and Dr. Bliss in conseclaimed it for Sir Walter Raleigh in his edition of Wood's. It is inserted in the Oxford edition of Raleigh's Works, v p. 733, with the title—False Love and True Love. Dr. 1 also includes it in his edition of the Courtly Poets, but I it highly improbable that Raleigh wrote the song.

Mr. Chappell points out that the first line of the ballad above is introduced in Nashe's Have with you to Saffron 1596. In The Weakest goes to the Wall, 1600, we read

"King Richard's gone to Walsingham, to the Holy La The tune of Walsingham was highly popular, and numerou have been set to it.]



\$S ye came from the holy land Of blessed Walsingham, O met you not with my true lov As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your true love, That have met many a one, As I came from the holy land, That have both come and gone?"

My love is neither white*, nor browne, But as the heavens faire: There is none both her form divine



103 "Such an one did I meet, good sir, With an angelicke face; Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard 15 Both in her gait, her grace." Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me. And left me all alone; Who some time loved me as her life, And called me her owne. 20 "What is the cause she leaves thee thus, And a new way doth take, That some times loved thee as her life, And thee her joy did make?" I that loved her all my youth, 25 Growe old now as you see; Love liketh not the falling fruite, Nor yet the withered tree. For love is like a carelesse childe, Forgetting promise past: 30 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list; His faith is never fast. His fond desire is fickle found, And yieldes a trustlesse joye; Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35 And lost ev'n with a toye. Such is the love of womankinde, Or Loves faire name abusde, Beneathe which many vaine desires, And follyes are excusde. 'But true love is a lasting fire, Which viewless vestals * tend, That burnes for ever in the soule, And knowes nor change, nor end.'

THE HOLY LAND.

AS YE CAME FROM

HE following version is reprinted from the Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. iii. p. 471.)

"As: yee came ffrom the holy Land of Walsingham, Mett you not with my true loue by the way as you came?" "how shold I know your true loue, that have mett many a one as I cam ffrom the holy Land, that have come, that have gone?" "Shee is neither white nor browne, but as the heavens ffaire; there is none hathe their fforme divine on the earth or the ayre." 12 " such a one did I meete, good Sir, with an angellike fface, who like a nimph, like a queene, did appeare in her gate, in her grace." 16 "Shee hath left me heere alone, all alone as vnknowne,

20

who sometime loued me as her life and called me her owne." such is the [fate of all man] kind, or the word loue abused, under which many childish desires and conceipts are excused."

40

"But loue is a durabler ffyer in the mind euer Burninge, euer sicke, neuer dead, neuer cold, ffrom itt selfe neuer turninge." ffinis.]

. .

XVII.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

S this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For

after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitserran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with general Bradock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proot of this, she produced the 2 last beginning with "There's nae light," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contri buted to the expence of publishing the first edition, in folio, 1719. -This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thomson, the Scottish musician, who published the Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard

winch hath since been acknowledged to be his own co by the ingenious Editor [John Pinkerton]—To whom t D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account above) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinro Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer ment of *Hardyknute* to have been Sir John Bruce him words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a tri the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Γ It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, bu defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is no He then gives the whole fragment as it was first publishe save one or two stanzas, marking several passages perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence i that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterv Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and supp story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of Ballads, and of Maitland's Scot. Poets, vol. i. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M.D. of Edinitimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c. 1719," folio, Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20,

34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Cl has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared viz. He had in ver. 20. but.—v. 56. of harm.—v. 64. eve lo down.—v. 83. That omitted.—v. 89. And omitted.—v. argument but vainly strave Lang.—v. 148. say'd.—v. 150. on the plain.—v. 156. Norse squadrons.—v. 158. regan v. 170. his strides he bent.—v. 171. minstrals playand Pi—v. 172. stately went.—v. 182. mon.—v. 196. sharp an v. 210. which.—v. 241. stood world.—Stanza 20 preced

that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions:

"Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,
Scarce could they reach their aim;
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but shot in vain:
Right strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
And curs'd war's cruel broils.

"Yet still wars horns sounded to charge, Swords clash'd and harness rang; But saftly sae ilk blaster blew The hills and dales fraemang. Nae echo heard in double dints, Nor the lang-winding horn, Nae mair she blew out brade as she Did eir that summers morn."

[Elizabeth Halket, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitfirrane, Fife, and wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitrivie, Fife and Balmulie near Dunfermline, who was born in the year 1677, married in 1696, and died in 1727, is now known to have been the authoress of *Hardyknute*, although it was many years before the question of the authorship was finally settled.

Mr. David Laing once possessed a copy of this ballad printed in a duodecimo of eight pages without date, which is supposed to be the original edition. Besides various differences, some important and others minute, it does not contain stanzas 27, 28 and 40, which are printed in the folio of 1719. It was reprinted several times before Percy included it in his book, and its antiquity does not seem to have been doubted, for the editor of the edition of 1740 speaks of it as a specimen of the true sublime, and believes that "it can only be the work of an author highly smitten with the fury of a poetical genius." Allan Ramsay's Evergreen, 1724, vol. ii. contains this ballad with the twelve additional stanzas noted above by Percy.

When Percy first printed the ballad suspicions of its authenticity had been expressed, which soon led to the discovery of the writer, but after having stated who was the real author, he threw doubts upon his statement on account of Pinkerton's truthless report. Pinkerton was never to be depended upon, and he had previously affirmed that the common people of Lanarkshire "repeat scraps of both parts," although the second was his own composition. Sir John Hope Bruce

nothing to do with the composition of the ballad, and it is even btful whether his supposed letter to Lord Binning ever had existence. If it had, it was merely a mystification. On the ond of December, 1785, Lord Hailes wrote to Pinkerton as ows, "You mistook if you suppose that I reckoned Sir John ce to be the author of Hardyknute. It is his sister-in-law, Lady rdlaw, who is said to have been the author." Yet Pinkerton de Percy believe that Bruce was the author. Great difference opinion has been expressed as to the merit of the ballad by ious critics. Mathias was fascinated with it, and printed it vately with an encomiastic criticism. Scott wrote on the fly-leaf his copy of Ramsay's Evergreen, "Hardyknute was the first m I ever learnt-the last that I shall forget," and in his Mindsy of the Border he terms it "a most spirited and beautiful tation of the ancient ballad." Thomas Warton was deceived by and describes it as genuine in the first edition of his Observations Spenser. In the second edition he assigns the ballad to its true hor, but adds, "I am apt to think that the first stanza is old gave the hint for writing the rest." On the other side Dr. uson considered it to have "no great merit," and Aytoun eemed it a very poor performance. It has not been popular h the ordinary devourers of ballads, and Mr. James Maidment er had the good luck to pick up a stall copy—he writes, "The ng stationers, the best judges of what suited their customers, considering it an eligible republication." The ballad is sun

5

10

15

Τ.

TATELY stept he east the wa',¹
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadlye fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and tow'rs a height,
And goodly chambers fair to se,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
For chast and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Elenor the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot doubt:
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

^{[*} Margaret was the name of the queen of Alexander III. Her mother was Eleanor, Queen of England.

¹ wall or rampart of the castle.

³ match or equal.

halls.without.

Waefu' to young and auld, Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin, As story ever tauld.

v.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tydings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the blood-red wine

VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands."
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
Our good king rose and cry'd,
A trustier beast in a' the land
A Scots king nevir try'd.

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute, That lives on hill sae hie, To draw his sword, the dread of face. The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
"Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute, 55
And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He's ta'en a horn as green as grass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,¹
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

TX.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,
We've other sport to bide.
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

x.

"Late late the yestreen't I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse do's proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

80

[1 so shrill.

² yester even.]

112

XI.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow.
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,1
That mony a comely countenance
They've turnd to deadly pale.
Brade2 Thomas take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair,
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

VII

90

95

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal clear.
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

TITY



HARDYKNUTE. 113 And apron set with mony a dice Of needle-wark sae rare, 110 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess, Save that of Fairly fair. XV. And he has ridden o'er muir and moss, O'er hills and mony a glen, When he came to a wounded knight 115 Making a heavy mane; "Here maun I lye, here maun I dye, By treacherie's false guiles; Witless I was that e'er ga faith To wicked woman's smiles." 120 XVI. "Sir knight, gin you were in my bower, To lean on silken seat, My lady's kindly care you'd prove, Who ne'er knew deadly hate: Herself wou'd watch you a' the day, 125 Her maids a dead of night; And Fairly fair your heart wou'd chear, As she stands in your sight. "Arise young knight, and mount your stead, Full lowns the shynand day: 1,0 Choose frae my menzie² whom ye please To lead you on the way." With smileless look, and visage wan The wounded knight reply'd, "Kind chieftain, your intent pursue, 13 For here I maun abyde. [1] full calm the shining day becomes. ² retinue.]

14

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can e're be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping tree,
Cauld death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain
With fairest words, and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

140

XIX

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er¹
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage sey'd:²
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.



Then furth he drew his trusty glave, 1 While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
And loud the bougles sound.

115

XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit²
Afore him stately strade.
"Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,³
Thy nations shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn;
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
With little skaith to mon,
But bloody bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that sindle's brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
I wat it's bled a score."
Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense¹ the faught,
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonsie² shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,
Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat's the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"

Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid Him venge the blood it bears; Say, if he face my bended bow, He sure nae weapon fears."

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And fear'd at Britain's throne:
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
It lent him youthfu' micht:
"I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's king I heght!
To lay thee low, as horses hoof;
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
He garr'd' his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to strike:"
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As laigh as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.

^{[1} promised.

² made.

^{*} bend low.]

8

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,

His bow he marvell'd sair,

Sin blows till then on him but darr'd'

As touch of Fairly fair:

Norse marvell'd too as sair as he

To see his stately look;

Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,

Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up toward him did prance;
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.



HARDYKNUTE.119 Swith on the harden't clay he fell, Right far was heard the thud: But Thomas look't nae as he lay All waltering in his blud: 280 XXXVI. With careless gesture, mind unmov't, On rode he north the plain; His seem in throng of fiercest strife, When winner ay the same: Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek 285 Could mease² soft love to bruik, Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn, Then languid grew his luik. XXXVII. In thraws of death, with walowit³ cheik All panting on the plain, 290 The fainting corps of warriours lay, Ne're to arise again; Ne're to return to native land, Nae mair with blithsome sounds To boast the glories of the day, 295 And shaw their shining wounds. XXXVIII. On Norways coast the widowit dame May wash the rocks with tears, May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas Befor her mate appears. 300 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain; Thy lord lyes in the clay;

To carry life away.

The valiant Scots nae revers thole

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
Shall latest ages read.

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk¹ grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan² near his stately tower.
His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

315

XLII.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotlands faes,"—	
There ceas'd his brag of weir,	330
Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,	
And maiden Fairly fair.	
Black fear he felt, but what to fear	
He wist nae yet; wi' dread	
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,	335
And a' the warrior fled.	

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

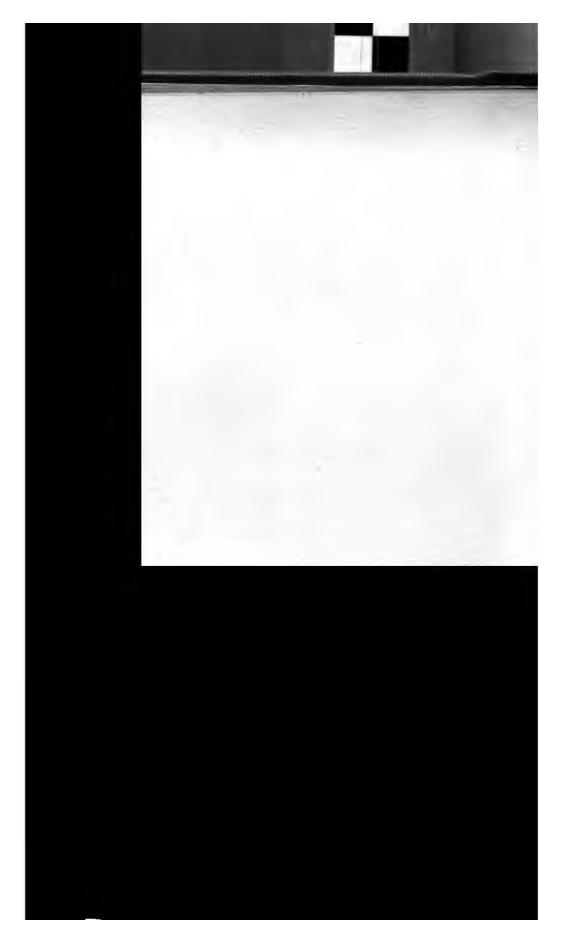




RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC. SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.







I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

N the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled Little John Nobody, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of Luther and the Pope is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. i. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

26 A BALLAD OF LUTHER.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage emed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very scient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time Henry VIII., intitled, Every Man; the other called Lusty eventus, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of ese, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother surch and her superstitions:* in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) ith great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days erally was, what wise men have always wished it, a supplement the pulpit:—This was so much the case, that in the play of usty Juventus, chapter and verse are every where quoted as smally as in a sermon; take an instance:

"The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye, As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere: Be converted, O ye children, &c."

rom this play we learn that most of the young people were New ospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were nacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the evil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition:

^{*} Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood.

[&]quot;There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron



THE POPE, A CARDINAL, &c. 127

"The olde people would believe stil in my lawes, But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way, They wyl not beleve, they playnly say, In olde traditions, and made by men, &c."

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The worlde was never meri Since chyldren were so boulde: Now every boy will be a teacher, The father a foole, the chyld a preacher."

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man, ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Vele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some further particulars in the former volume, Appendix II., see *The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage*; and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's *Origin of the English*

Drama, 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

And prayse the lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence:

For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,*
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

^{*} i.e. denied us the cup, see below, ver. 94.

28 A BALLAD OF LUTHER,

or what we with our Flayles coulde get To kepe our house, and servauntes; hat did the Freers' from us fet, And with our soules played the merchauntes: And thus they with theyr false warrantes f our sweate have easelye lyved, That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15 o greatlye have they us deceaued. hey spared not the fatherlesse, The carefull, nor the pore wydowe; hey wolde have somewhat more or lesse, If it above the ground did growe: But now we Husbandmen do knowe l their subteltye, and their false caste;2 For the lorde hath them overthrowe Vith his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

25

hou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Hast usurped kynges powers,
s having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:



THE POPE, A CARDINAL, &c. 129

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,

Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyste here:
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.*

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel, And to utter dampnacion, 50 . Throughe myne ensample, and consel, Or thorow any abhominacion, Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion. And thou, Luther, arte accursed; For blamynge me, and my condicion, 55 The holy decres have the condempned. Thou stryvest against my purgatory, Because thou findest it not in scripture; As though I by myne auctorite Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60 Knowest thou not, that I have power To make, and mar, in heaven and hell, In erth, and every creature? Whatsoever I do it must be well. As for scripture, I am above it; 65 Am not I Gods hye vicare? Shulde I be bounde to followe it, As the carpenter his ruler?† Nay, nay, hereticks ye are, That will not obey my auctoritie. 70 With this sworde I wyll declare, That ye shal al accursed be.

[•] i.e. make thee knock under the table.

[†] i.e. his rule.

He is a greate hereticke tremy, And regardeth to much the scripture For he thinketh onely thereby To subdue the popes high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him figh
Plucke up youre herts, and be manly
For the pope sayth ye do but rygl
And this be sure, that at one flygh
Allthough ye be overcome by chaun
Ye shall to heaven go with greate
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlyn. Shall go down to hel every one; For they have not the popes blessy. Nor regarde his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all destruction. By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicac. Therefore shall they al be dampne.



JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A Scottish Song.

HILE in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)

"Tak a Wobster, that is leill, And a Miller, that will not steill, With ane Priest, that is not gredy, And lay ane deid corpse thame by, And, throw virtue of thame three, That deid corpse sall qwyknit be."

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Green sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder was another: John Anderson my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces

[In the first edition of the *Reliques* the number fixed at five instead of seven, and the rhyme to five of threven. The last line is

"For four of them were gotten, quhan Will

The present copy has thus been altered to supprosition that the seven bairns were meant to rej sacraments.

According to tradition John Anderson was for crief of Kelso, and the song is not of any great first found in the Skene MS., the date of which Scottish Melodies, p. 219) fixes at the beginning of century, but which includes, according to Mr. Chrountry dance that first appeared in 1698 (Pop Olden Time, vol. ii. p. 770).

Burns wrote his song-

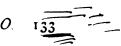
"John Anderson my jo Johr When we were first acquent,"

to the old tune, for Johnson's Musical Museum.

Woman.

OHN Anderson my jo, cur bye, And ye sall get a sheips h in a pye; Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



MAN.

And how doe ye, Cummer? and how hae ye threven? And how mony bairns hae ye? Wom. Cummer, I hae seven.

MAN. Are they to your awin gude man? Wom. Na, Cummer, na;

For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa.'

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

ZE have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their reverend father [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the Scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures. And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect, none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought



N december, when the dayes short,

After november, when the ni some and long;

As I past by a place privily at a port, I saw one sit by himself making a song His last* talk of trifles, who told with That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'freyned Whether he wanted wit, or some had do He said, he was little John Nobody, t speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? the and tell

What maner men thou meane, thou a He said, These gay gallants, that wil gospel,

As Solomon the sage, with semblance To discusse divinity they nought adr More meet it were for them to milk! Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like He said, he was little John Nobod speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are
blind:

Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find; As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke: 1 Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind; But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order, Our service to be said in our seignours tongue; As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture; Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song, With homilies, and godly books us among, That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke: But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong; But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,

And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed 3 hel,

And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world,

That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.

For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,*

That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him wreake;5

Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's Creed, the proud friars are said to be

[&]quot;Of Caymes kind."—Vid. Sig. C ii. b.

[[]¹ play. ² humour. ³ harassed. ⁴ cruel. ⁵ pursue revengefully.]

6 LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

he fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell: But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

hus to live after their lust, that life would they have, nd in lechery to leyke al their long life;

or al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave il move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife

o bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife, nd in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:

ut of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife; Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,2 and not care

ccording to their foolish fantacy; but fast wil they naught:

rayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:

oth almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought:

herefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud

Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer

Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke: For I would no wight in this world wist who I were, But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

RE preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his *Travels* which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at Strawberry-hill. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy, are here restored.

H, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering

Hath fraught with cares my troubled

Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate Could beare me, and the joys I quit.

Ver. 4. "Could beare," is an ancient idiom, equivalent to "did bear" or "hath borne." See below the *Beggar of Bednal Green*, Book 2, No. x. v. 57. "Could say."

^{[&#}x27; shunned.]

8 Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES.

hou causedest the guiltie to be losed rom bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
It by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

V.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

HE original of this ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These, it is hoped, the reader will pardon, as indeed the complem of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar bject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this em, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond

The Scotch claim this ballad as their own. Some suppose the hero to have been an Ayrshire laird, and others that he was from Galloway. Motherwell gives the following verses as the commencement of the traditionary version extant in Scotland:

"The bonnie heir, the weel-faur'd heir,
And the weary heir o' Linne,
Yonder he stands at his father's gate,
And naebody bids him come in,
O see whare he gaup and see whare he stands,
The weary heir o' Linne,
O see whare he stands on the cauld causey,
Some ane wuld ta'en him in.
But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey,
Some ane wuld ta'en him in."

PART THE FIRST.

To sing a song I will beginne:

It is of a lord of faire Scotland,

Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, His mother a lady of high degree; But they, alas! were dead, him froe, And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare, To drinke and revell every night, To card and dice from eve to morne, It was, I ween, his hearts delighte

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare, To alwaye spend and never spare, I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

15

5

10

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne Till all his gold is gone and spent; And he maun sell his landes so broad, His house, and landes, and all his rent. His father had a keen stewarde, And John o' the Scales was called hee: But John is become a gentel-man, And John has gott both gold and fee.1 Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere; Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad, Good store of gold Ile give thee heere. My gold is gone, my money is spent; My lande nowe take it unto the: 30 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales, And thine for aye my lande shall bee. Then John he did him to record draw, And John he cast him a gods-pennie;* But for every pounde that John agreed, 35 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

7	H	F	H	F	IR	OF	7	77	v	λ/	F

1	4	I
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For soe he to his father hight. My sonne, when I am gonne, sayd hee, Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad, And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:	45
But sweare me nowe upon the roode, That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend; For when all the world doth frown on thee, Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.	50
The heire of Linne is full of golde: And come with me, my friends, sayd hee, Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.	55
They ranted, drank, and merry made, Till all his gold it waxed thinne; And then his friendes they slunk away; They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.	60
He had never a penny left in his purse, Never a penny left but three, And one was brass, another was lead, And another it was white money.	
Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee, For when I was the lord of Linne, I never wanted gold nor fee.	65
But many a trustye friend have I, And why shold I feel dole or care? Ile borrow of them all by turnes, Soe need I not be never bare.	70
But one, I wis, was not at home; Another had payd his gold away; Another call'd him thriftless loone, And bade him sharpely wend his way.	75
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee. They ranted, drank, and merry made, Till all his gold it waxed thinne; And then his friendes they slunk away; They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. He had never a penny left in his purse, Never a penny left but three, And one was brass, another was lead, And another it was white money. Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee, For when I was the lord of Linne, I never wanted gold nor fee. But many a trustye friend have I, And why shold I feel dole or care? Ile borrow of them all by turnes, Soe need I not be never bare. But one, I wis, was not at home; Another had payd his gold away; Another call'd him thriftless loone,	65

To rob and steal it were a sinne:

To worke my limbs I cannot fram

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wen
When all the world should frown on
I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

WAY then hyed the heire of L
O'er hill and holt, and moon
Untill he came to lonesome lo
That stood so lowe in a lone

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne
But bare and lothly were the walles.
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yew
No shimmering sunn here ever shone
No halesome breeze here ever blew

No chair, ne table he mote spye, No chearful hearth, ne welcome be

And over it in broad letters, These words were written so plain to see: "Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all, And brought thyselfe to penurie?	20
"And this my boding mind misgave, I therefore left this trusty friend: Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace, And all thy shame and sorrows end."	
Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, Sorely shent was the heire of Linne; His heart, I wis, was near to brast With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.	25
Never a word spake the heire of Linne, Never a word he spake but three: "This is a trusty friend indeed, And is right welcome unto mee."	30
Then round his necke the corde he drewe, And sprang aloft with his bodle: When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine, And to the ground came tumbling hee.	35
Astonyed lay the heire of Linne, Ne knewe if he were live or dead: At length he looked, and sawe a bille, ² And in it a key of gold so redd.	40
He took the bill, and lookt it on, Strait good comfort found he there: Itt told him of a hole in the wall, In which there stood three chests in-fere.*	

[•] in-fere, i.e. together.

[1 abashed.

² letter.]

For but thou amend thee of thy life That rope must be thy end at las

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Li And let it bee, but if I amend:* For here I will make mine avow, This reade† shall guide me to th

Away then went with a merry chea Away then went the heire of Lin I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,¹ Till John o' the Scales house he

And when he came to John o' the 'Upp at the speere' then looked There sate three lords upon a row Were drinking of the wine so fre

And John himself sate at the bord-Because now lord of Linne was I I pray thee, he said, good John o't One forty pence for to lend mee.

Ver. 60. an old northern phrase.

^{*} i.e. unless I amend. † i.e. advi † Perhaps the hole in the door or window specied i.e. rred. tei 1. or shut. In B

THE	HEIR	OF	LINNE.

145

70

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,	
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:	
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,	75
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.	

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,	
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;	
For if we shold hang any losel heere,	
The first we wold begin with thee.	3.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,	85
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;	
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,	
And other forty if need bee.	

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,	
To let him sit in thy companie:	90
For well I wot thou hadst his land,	
And a good bargain it was to thee.	

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,	
All wood he answer'd him againe:	
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,	95
But I did lose by that bargaine.	

^{[1} worthless fellow.

² furious.]

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

105

110

115

nd here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
hou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he cast him a gods pennie:
ow by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy money.

nd he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, And layd them down upon the bord: Il woe begone was John o' the Scales, Soe shent he cold say never a word.

e told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth [with] mickle dinne.
he gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Ayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
ow I am againe the lord of Linne,

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:
Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.

†‡† In the present edition of this ballad several ancient readings are restored from the folio MS.



HE following original version of the *Heir of Linne* is reprinted from Hales and Furnivall's edition of the folio MS. vol. i. p. 174:

Off all the lords in faire Scottland a song I will begin: amongst them all there dweld a Lord which was the vnthrifty Lord of linne. his father & mother were dead him froe, & soe was the head of all his kinne; he did neither cease nor bl[i]nne to the cards & dice that he did run, to drinke the wine that was soe cleere, with euery man he wold make merry. and then bespake him John of the Scales, vnto the heire of Linne sayd hee, 13 sayes, "how dost thou, Lord of Linne, doest either want gold or fee? wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode to such a good fellow as me? 16 "ffor . . I . ." he said, "my land, take it vnto thee, I draw you to record, my Lord[e]s all?" with that he cast him a good-se peny, he told him the gold vpon the bord, it wanted neuer a bare penny. "that gold is thine, the land is mine, the heire of Linne I wilbee." "heeres gold inoughe," saithe the heire of Linne, "both for me & my company." he drunke the wine that was soe cleere. & with euery man he made merry.



& another was white mony.

"Now well-a day!" said the heire of "now welladay, & woe is mee! for when I was the lord of Linne, I neither wanted gold nor fee;

"for I haue sold my lands soe broad, & haue not left me one penny!

I must goe now & take some read vnto Edenborrow, & begg my bread

he had not beene in Edenborrow not 3 qwarters of a yeere, but some did giue him & some said n & some bid "to the deele gang yee

- "for if we shold hang any Land selfe the first we wold begin with thee."
 "Now welladay!" said the heire of I no[w] welladay, & woe is mee!
- "for now I have sold my lands soe I that mery man is irke with mee; but when that I was the Lord of Lir then on my land I liued merrily;
- "& now I have sold my land soe by that I have not left me one penn god be with my father!" he said, "on his land he lived merrily."

Still in a study there as he stood, he vnbethought him of [a] bill [he vnbethought him of a bill] which his father had left with his

THE HEIR OF LINNE.	149
he tooke the bill, & looked it on, good comfort that he found there; itt told him of a Castle wall where there stood 3 chests in feare:	72
2 were full of the beaten gold, the 3 was full of white mony. he turned then downe his baggs of bread, & filled them full of gold soe red;	76
then he did neuer cease nor blinne till John of the Scales house he did winne. when that he came to John of the Scalels, vpp at the speere he looked then: there sate 3 lords vpon a rowe, and John o the Scales sate at the bords head, [and John o the Scales sate at the bords head] because he was the Lord of Linne.	8 0
and then bespake the heire of Linne, to John o the Scales wiffe thus sayd hee: sayd, "Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott that I may sitt downe in this company?"	88
"now, christs curse on my head," shee said, if I do trust thee one pennye." then bespake a good fellowe, which sate by John o the Scales his knee,	2
Said, "haue thou here, thou heire of linne, 40 pence I will lend thee,— some time a good fellow thou hast beene,— & other 40 if neede bee,"	96
thé druken wine that was soe cleere, & euery man thé made merry; & then bespake him John o the Scales, vnto the Lord of linne said hee:	10
said, "how doest thou, heire of Linne, since I did buy thy Lands of thee? I will sell it to thee 20" better cheepe nor euer I did buy it of thee.	104
"I draw you to recorde, lord[e]s all;" with that he cast him gods penny; then he tooke to his baggs of bread, & they were full of the gold soe redd,	801

,

.

& now 1 am out John o the Scales win

saies, "haue thou heere, thou good fellow 40 pence thou did lend me, [40 pence thou did lend me,] & 40'. I will giue thee, Ile make thee keeper of my forrest, both of the wild deere & the tame."

but then bespake the heire of Linne, these were the words, & thus said hee, "Christs curse light vpon my crowne if ere my land stand in any Jeopardye

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THI BRIDGES, AFTERWARD! LADY SANDES,

On HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER F

part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and app advantage among the miscellaneous writer He was author of three or four plays,

smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which blank verse, called the Steele-glass, 1576, 4to.

of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Walthamstoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of Geo. Gascoigne, Esq.; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end

in this world," 4to. no date. [From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the Paradise of Dainty Devises,† (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line:‡ whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear like the filing of a saw. Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of Alexandrines of twelve and fourteen syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202), compared with the printer's epist. to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq.; corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author; 1575.—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title-page of this last (by way of printer's, sor book-seller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well

[•] Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. ii. p. 168.

[†] Printed in 1576, 1577, 1578, 1580, 1585, 1596, 1600, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-letter.

[†] The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirrour of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to. and also of Surrey's Poems, 1557.

[🖇] Henrie Binneman.

The lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. Secrage, vol. ii. p. 133, ed. 1779.

[George Gascoigne, soldier and poet, had many e when objection was made to the Privy Council against a burgess for Midhurst, they termed him "a common ry atheist," &c. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt printed a complete his poems in the Roxburghe Library, 2 vols. London,



N court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most ex
For my conceit I must need
Faire Bridges beares the

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equal change of hewe:

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree;
No frowning cheere dare once presum
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes
Which like some other best,
Will sav. the blemishe on hir browe

THE FAIR BRIDGES.	153
Thereto I thus replie; God wotte, they little knowe The hidden cause of that mishap, Nor how the harm did growe:	20
For when dame Nature first Had framde hir heavenly face, And thoroughly bedecked it With goodly gleames of grace;	
It lyked hir so well: Lo here, quod she, a peece For perfect shape, that passeth all Appelles' worke in Greece.	25
This bayt may chaunce to catche The greatest God of love, Or mightie thundring Jove himself, That rules the roast above.	30
But out, alas! those wordes Were vaunted all in vayne; And some unseen wer present there, Pore Bridges, to thy pain.	35
For Cupide, crafty boy, Close in a corner stoode, Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir: I gesse it did him good.	40
Yet when he felte the flame Gan kindle in his brest, And herd dame Nature boast by hir To break him of his rest,	
His hot newe-chosen love	45

He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

And quick with skin she coverd it, That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains;
No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne, as she.

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

DST of the circumstances in this popula Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamo taken for fact by our English historians; account for the unnatural conduct of quality her: is to rebellion, have attributed and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object

of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow:—"Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1177] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a maze;* but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:—

'Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda: Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.'

"In English thus :--

'The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
That by her life was sweete and redolent:
But now that she is from this life blent,
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.
A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.'"

Stowe's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollinshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. iii. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and

[•] Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

siight conjecture); they only give us to understand, threated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her significant did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone from a person of credit,* among other fine sculp graven the figure of a cup. This, which perhaps a accidental ornament (perhaps only the chalice) in times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at struction was put upon it, when the stone came to after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, the stone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable we out and decked with roses red and green, and the cup, out of which she drank the poison given her carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor t of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and middle of the choir; in which place it remained 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary words are thus translated by Stow: "Hugh bishor came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, . . he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set abo of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he v that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some to Henry II. who for the love of her had dor to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of harlot, and bury her without the church, lest chri should grow in contempt, and to the end that, throug her, other women being made afraid may beware themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company Annals, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund there interred."*... In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland: "Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, Tumba Rosamunde. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it."† See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosa-

mond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose age, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espé (or Long-sword), earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, bishop of Lincolne. † Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149. when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor (in 1152) and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." (Carte's Hist. vol. i. p. 652.) But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent

Vid. reign of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham,
 Dean of Bocking.

[†] This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

[!] Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

stall (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.
The ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have bee lished in "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlem Thomas Delone. Lond. 1607." 12mo.

It is here printed (with conjectural emendations) ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepi

[It is also printed in the Crown Garland of Golden Garland of Goodwill. Reprinted by the Percy Society In the Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, vol. i. p. 1 ballad on the same subject, with the title, The Unfortubine, or Rosamond's Overthrow.

The story is also treated in Warner's Albion (ch. 41).]

. . . .



HEN as king Henry rulde thi
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye found Her favour, and her face; A sweeter creature in this worlde Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of gold

FAIR KUSAMUND.	159
The blood within her crystal cheekes Did such a colour drive, As though the lillye and the rose For mastership did strive.	19
Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde, Her name was called so, To whom our queene, dame Ellinor, Was known a deadlye foe.	20
The king therefore, for her defence, Against the furious queene, At Woodstocke builded such a bower, The like was never seene.	
Most curiously that bower was built Of stone and timber strong, An hundered and fifty doors Did to this bower belong:	25
And they so cunninglye contriv'd With turnings round about, That none but with a clue of thread, Could enter in or out.	30
And for his love and ladyes sake, That was so faire and brighte, The keeping of this bower he gave Unto a valiant knighte.	3.5
But fortune, that doth often frowne Where she before did smile, The kinges delighte and ladyes joy Full soon shee did beguile:	

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne, Whom he did high advance, Against his father raised warres Within the realme of France. The fairest flower in all the worlde To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart, Whose sweetness doth excelle: My royal Rose, a thousand times I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower, My sweetest Rose, a space, And cross the seas to famous Franc Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou sha My coming shortlye see, And in my heart, when hence I am, Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye bright Did heare the king saye soe, The sorrowe of her grieved heart Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall ey
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redo

105

And falling down all in a swoone Before king Henryes face, Full oft he in his princelye armes Her bodye did embrace:	80
And twentye times, with watery eyes, He kist her tender cheeke, Untill he had revivde againe Her senses milde and meeke.	
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose? The king did often say. Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres My lord must part awaye.	85
But since your grace on forrayne coastes Amonge your foes unkinde Must goe to hazard life and limbe, Why should I staye behinde?	90
Nay rather, let me, like a page, Your sworde and target beare; That on my breast the blowes may lighte, Which would offend you there.	95
Or lett mee, in your royal tent, Prepare your bed at nighte, And with sweete baths refresh your grace, At your returne from fighte.	100
So I your presence may enjoye No toil I will refuse; But wanting you, my life is death; Nay, death Ild rather chuse!	

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and gold Whilst Ime in armour dighte; Gay galliards here my love shall dance, Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte In heart be grieved sore: After that daye faire Rosamonde The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas, And into France was gone; With envious heart, queene Ellinor, To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy hours

And when that they had wounded him, The queene this thread did gette, And went where ladye Rosamonde Was like an angell sette.	
But when the queene with stedfast eye Beheld her beauteous face, She was amazed in her minde At her exceeding grace.	145
Cast off from thee those robes, she said, That riche and costlye bee; And drinke thou up this deadlye draught, Which I have brought to thee.	150
Then presentlye upon her knees Sweet Rosamonde did falle; And pardon of the queene she crav'd For her offences all.	155
"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares, Faire Rosamonde did crye; And lett mee not with poison stronge Enforced bee to dye.	160
I will renounce my sinfull life, And in some cloyster bide; Or else be banisht, if you please, To range the world soe wide.	
And for the fault which I have done, Though I was forc'd theretoe, Preserve my life, and punish mee As you thinke meet to doe."	165
And with these words, her lillie handes She wrunge full often there; And downe along her lovely face Did trickle many a teare.	170

FAIR ROSAMOND.

But nothing could this furious queene	
Therewith appeared bee;	
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,	175
As she knelt on her knee,	

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven, Shee did for mercye calle; And drinking up the poyson stronge, Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe 185
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wighte.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly, Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's Hist. 4to. vol. i. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

[The idea of the unlucky shrift exhibited in the following ballad is taken from some old story-teller. It occurs among the tales of Boccaccio, Bandello, Barbazan, La Fontaine, and several other writers.

A copy of this ballad, differing very considerably from the present version, is to be found in Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads. The first stanza is as follows:—

"The queen fell sick, and very, very sick She was sick and like to dee And she sent for a frier oure frae France Her confessour to be."

The last stanza but four reads:-

"And do you see yon pretty little girl That's a beclad in green? She's a friar's daughter oure in France And I hoped to see her a queen."

And the end as follows:-

QUEEN ELEANOR'S

"The king look'd over his left shoulder, An angry man was he:— An it werna for the oath I sware Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee."

Another version, recovered from recitation, and more like rcy's than Kinloch's, is printed by Motherwell in his *Minstrelsy*, der the title of "Earl Marshall."



6

UEENE Elianor was a sicke woman.

And afraid that she should dye:

Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

10

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshall, And fell on his bended knee; That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,

CONFESSION.	167
When that they came before the queene They fell on their bended knee; A boone, a boone, our gracious queene, That you sent so hastilee.	25
Are you two fryars of France, she sayd, As I suppose you bee, But if you are two Englishe fryars, You shall hang on the gallowes tree.	30
We are two fryars of France, they sayd, As you suppose we bee, We have not been at any masse Sith we came from the sea.	35
The first vile thing that ever I did I will to you unfolde; Earl marshall had my maidenhed, Beneath this cloth of golde.	40
Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king; May God forgive it thee! Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall; With a heavye heart spake hee.	
The next vile thing that ever I did, To you Ile not denye, I made a boxe of poyson strong, To poison king Henrye.	45
Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king, May God forgive it thee! Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall; And I wish it so may bee.	50

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

55

Q. ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

a vile sinne, then sayd the king; y God forgive it thee! , amen, quoth earl marshall; d I wish it so may bee.

ou see yonders little boye, cossing of the balle? is earl marshalls eldest sonne, d I love him the best of all.

ou see yonders little boye, atching of the balle? is king Henryes youngest sonne, d I love him the worst of all.

lead is fashyon'd like a bull; s nose is like a boare. latter for that, king Henrye cryd, ove him the better therfore.

king pulled off his fryars coate, d appeared all in redde: 75 hrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands.

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IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

HIS poem, subscribed M. T. (perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall*) is preserved in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An howres recreation in musicke, &c. by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606, 4to." usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader:—

"Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

"The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry."

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion, with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

[Percy's conjecture that the author is Marshall is not a happy one. Sir Egerton Brydges, in his edition of the *Paradise*, 1810 (*British Bibliographer*, vol. iii.), attributes it to M. Thorn, whose name is signed to another poem, numbered 52:—

"Now mortall man beholde and see, This worlde is but a vanitie,"

written in much the same spirit. The heading to the Sturdy Rock is:—

"Man's flitting life fyndes surest stay, Where sacred vertue beareth sway."]

^{*} Vid. Athen. Oxon. pp. 152, 316.

THE STURDY ROCK.

HE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

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15

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

Χ.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

HIS popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on Mary Ambree in this volume. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the editor that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

"—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought Aug. 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund earl of Lancaster.

[This charming old ballad has enjoyed a long life of popularity, and according to Mr. Chappell it is still kept in print in Seven Dials, and sung about the country. As it is to be found in most collections, it has not been thought necessary to take note of the

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

ous trifling alterations which Percy made, but the six stanzas ch he ejected in favour of the eight between brackets are ted at the end. A few of the alterations are improvements, most of them are the reverse; thus, in place of the received ling of verse 28,

"Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee," cy prints

"Was straightway enamourd of pretty Bessee."

Ir. John Pickford (Notes and Queries, 4th Series, vol. ix. 4) once possessed an old mezzotint engraving of the Blind gar of a large folio size, on the margin of which were inscribed lines referred to above. In Robert Greene's Pandosto (1588), a which Shakspere drew the plot of his Winter's Tale, there is same simile as is used in these verses. Egistus says:—"Thou st my white hayres are blossomes for the grave." Pepys in his Diary (25th June, 1663), speaks of going to ner with Sir William and Lady Batten and Sir J. Minnes to Sir liam Ryder's at Bethnall Green, and adds: "This very house built by the blind beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of sang in ballads, but they say it was only some outhouse of it." mansion was built by John Kirby, a citizen of London, in the n of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards became the residence of Hugh Platt, author of The Jewell House of Art and Nature, 4; The Garden of Eden, &c. Ryder died there in 1669.]

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Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say, Good father, and mother, let me goe away To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee. This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright, All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night From father and mother alone parted shee; Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinle,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day, And went unto Rumford along the hye way; Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee: Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, But master and mistres and all was her friend: And every brave gallant, that once did her see, Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold, And in their songs daylye her love was extold; 30 Her beawtye was blazed in every degree; Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy; Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye; And at her commandment still wold they bee; Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

first of them was a gallant young knight, he came unto her disguisde in the night: second a gentleman of good degree, wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

rchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45 ras the third suiter, and proper withall: masters own sonne the fourth man must bee, swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight, ake thee a ladye with joy and delight;
art's so inthralled by thy bewtie,
soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee, ne as a ladye my Bessy shal bee: fe is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee; grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

ne bee thy husband, the merchant cold say, shalt live in London both gallant and gay; hippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,



OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well; He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell: A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee: Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee: I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree, And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse, I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse, And bewtye is bewtye in every degree; Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away. 90 The younge men of Rumford, as thicke [as] might bee, Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene, Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene; And as the knight lighted most courteouslie, They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine, Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine. This fray being ended, then straitway he see His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore, Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore: Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle, Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

THE BEGGAR'S LDAUGHTER

I then, if my gold may better her bye night:
I equall the gold that you lay on the can neyther rayle nor grudge you to see blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne, gold that you drop shall all be your owne.

h that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
h here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

h that an angell he cast on the ground,
I dropped in angels full three thousand* pound;
I oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

that the place, wherin they did sitt,
h gold it was covered every whitt.
gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
d, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

ou hast fulfilled thy promise arright. on marry quoth he, my girle to this knight:

5

20

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt * shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

FF a blind beggars daughter most bright,

That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;

All the discourse therof you did see; But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, Adorned with all the cost they cold have, This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie, And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete; 10
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report, Soe that a great number therto did resort Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight; His bride followed after, an angell most bright, With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then, With musicke performed by the skilfullest men, The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde, Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

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^{*} See an essay on the word fit at the end of the second part.

My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base He is loth with his presence these states to dis

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bring Before her own face, were a flattering thinge; But wee thinke thy father's baseness," quoth t "Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words specified in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee, And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme, He touched the strings, which made such a ch Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway, And thereon begann most sweetlye to play; And after that lessons were playd two or three He strayn'd out this song most delicatelle.

- "A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a gre Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee, And many one called her pretty Bessee.
- "Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land, But beggd for a penny all day with his hand; And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands thr

60

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"And if any one here her birth doe disdaine, Her father is ready, with might and with maine, To proove shee is come of noble degree: Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round With harty laughter were readye to swound; Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see, The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,

The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say, Well may he be proud of this happy day; Yett by his countenance well may wee see, His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray, (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee."

- "Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one, One song more to sing, and then I have done; And if that itt may not winn good report, Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.
- "[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee; Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee, Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase, Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.
- "When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose, Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose; 36 A leader of courage undaunted was hee, And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the: A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sigh

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he la Till evening drewe on of the following day When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee; And this was thy mother, my prettye Besse

"A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the To search for her father, who fell in the fig And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping Was moved with pitye, and brought him a

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his While he throughe the realme was belee slaine:

At lengthe his faire bride she consented to And made him glad father of prettye Besse

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came w All our comfort and care was our prettye F

" te e e e ed tumes desp

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"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye
Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one, Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne, They all were amazed, as well they might bee, Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace, Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race, Thy father likewise is of noble degree, And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young
knighte,
130

In joy and felicitie long lived hee, All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.



HE following stanzas (ll. 217-240 of the whole ballad), were rejected by Percy in favour of the verses above which are between brackets, and were written by Robert Dodsley, the bookseller and author:—

"When ffirst our king his ffame did Advance, & fought for his title in delicate ffrance, in many a place many perills past hee: then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

"And then in those warres went over to fight many a braue duke, a Lord, & a Knight, & with them younge Mountford, his courage most free: but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

"Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day, where many braue firenchmen vpon the ground Lay;

32 THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

amonge them Lay Mountford for companye: but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.*

"But there did younge Mountford, by blow on the face, loose both his eyes in a very short space; & alsoe his liffe had beene gone with his sight, had not a younge woman come forth in the night

"Amongst the slaine men, as fancy did moue, to search & to seeke for her owne true loue; & seeing young Mountford there gasping to bee, shee saued his liffe through charitye.

"And then all our vittalls, in Beggar attire att hands of good people wee then did require. att last into England, as now it is seene, wee came, & remained att Bednall greene."†]

†‡† The word fit, for part, often occurs in our ancient ballads d metrical romances: which being divided into several parts for e convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in e intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Putcham in his Art of English Poesie, 1589, says: "the Epithalamie as divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several s, or times to be sung." P. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on e present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he ham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded from more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage: "We ourselves," says this courtly* writer, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions (i.e. fits), to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." P. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on Guy and Colbronde, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 349 [ed. Hales and Furnivall,

vol. ii., p. 527]:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye, And lords and ladyes still wil bee, And sitt and solace lythe ;† Then itt is time for mee to speake Of keene knightes, and kempes great, Such carping for to kythe."

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednai Green, in two parts, was rewarded with half-a-crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 178, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still

^{*} He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.

⁺ Perhaps "blythe."

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eater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece art to incline the hearers to be at the expense of a second oat's-worth. Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine s, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

s, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter. To return to the word fit; it seems at one time to have eculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the veral parts (answering to Passus in the Visions of Pierce Plowan): thus in the ancient ballad of Chevy-Chase (vol. i. p. 27), the st part ends with this line:

"The first fit here I fynde:"

there I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also vol. i. 44.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division eceding the pause. (See vol. i. pp. 162, 169.) This sense it id obtained so early as the time of Chaucer; who thus concludes e first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the d ballad romances):—

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde."

The word fit indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic rain, verse, or poem; for in these senses it is used by the Angloixon writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his Boethius, having given a rision of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, Da re pirom ha har piece runžen hærbe, p. 65, i.e. "When wisdom had sung these (Fitts) rises." And in the proem to the same book, Fon on piece, "Put

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c. it is applied by Bale to a section or chapter in a book (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm), for thus he intitles two chapters of his *English Votaryes*, part 2nd, viz. fol. 49, "The fyrst fytt of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus;" fol. 50, "An other Fytt of Anselme with kynge Wyllyam Rufus."

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

By the Earl of Oxford.

DWARD Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth; perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie, and found intire in the Garland of Good-will. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.), may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Devises. One of these is intitled The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie. The only lines in it worth notice are these:—

"A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be."

We find in Hall's *Chronicle*, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed, Jan. 8, 1536, "Queen Anne (Bullen) ware *yellowe* for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware *whyte*." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the seventeenth earl of Oxford, of the family

^{*} Lond. 1589, p. 172.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

86

Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1563, and ied an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, then. Oxon, &c.

[Walpole was in error when he stated that Lord Oxford died an ged man, for that nobleman was only about sixty at the time of is death. Sir Egerton Brydges points out in his edition of the Paradise of Dainty Devices (British Bibliographer, vol. iii.), that ne earl could not have been born earlier than 1540 or 1541, ecause his elder half-sister Katherine, widow of Edward, Lord Vindsor, died in January, 1599, aged 60. The chief events of his fe are these. In 1585 he was the chief of those who embarked ith the Earl of Leicester for the relief of the states of Holland nd Zealand. In 1586 he sat as Lord Great Chamberlain of Eng-ind on the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. In 1588 he hired and tted out ships at his own charge against the Spanish Armada. In 589 he sat on the trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and 1601 on the trials of the Earls of Essex and Southampton. His private character was far from good, and his honour was tarished by his dispute with Sir Philip Sidney. He used his first rife (a daughter of the great Burleigh) cruelly, in revenge for the tatesman's treatment of his great friend, Thomas, Duke of Norolk. In his early youth he travelled in Italy, and returned from hat country a finished coxcomb, bringing home with him Italian resses, perfumes, and embroidered gloves. He presented a pair f the latter to Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with them hat she was drawn with them on her hands. The earl was buried t Hackney on the 6th of July 1604

FANCY AND DESIRE.	187
Tell me, who was thy nurse? "Fresh Youth in sugred joy." What was thy meate and dayly foode? "Sad sighes with great annoy."	10
What hadst thou then to drinke? "Unsavoury lovers teares." What cradle wert thou rocked in? "In hope devoyde of feares."	15
What lulld thee then asleepe? "Sweete speech, which likes me best." Tell me, where is thy dwelling place? "In gentle hartes I rest."	20
What thing doth please thee most? "To gaze on beautye stille." Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe? "Disdayn of my good wille."	•
Doth companye displease? "Yes, surelye, many one." Where doth Desire delighte to live? "He loves to live alone."	2 5
Doth either tyme or age Bringe him unto decaye? "No, no, Desire both lives and dyes Ten thousand times a daye."	30
Then, fond Desire, farewelle, Thou art no mate for mee; I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle With such a one as thee.	35

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

CANNOT give a better relation of the fact which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Pecrage*,* which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. i.

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of urrey† and his family at this time (A.D. 1511), was their behaliour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's other having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained etters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subsects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of cotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The ouncil board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the hief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, nder pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him ackward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints are but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not mother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council

Sir Thomas came up with the 'Lion,' which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the 'Union,' Barton's other ship (called by Hall, the 'Bark of Scot-The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames. (Aug. 2,

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England,

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: tho' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history; to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In pt. 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the "Great Harry" had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants."—Hume.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is, however, in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collec-

tion), as also by conjecture.

[There is little to be added to the above preface, but those who wish to read the Scottish version will find John Lesley's (Bishop of Ross) account of the affair (Historie of Scotland, 1436-1561), quoted in Mr. Furnivall's full preface to the ballad in the folio MS. (vol. iii. p. 399). Percy fully explains how he made up his copy. "As itt beffell in Midsummer time When burds singe sweetlye on ever

for the incongruous opening of Flora with Neptune with his showers. The greatest alte 33-40, 129-136; part 2, vv. 1-8, 17-64, 89-94, 1

THE FIRST PART.

HEN Flora with her fragran

Bedeckt the earth so trin

And Neptune with his dain

Came to present the mont

King Henrye rode to take the ayre,

Over the river of Thames past hee;

When eighty merchants of London cam

And downe they knelt upon their kne

"O yee are welcome, rich merchants; Good saylors, welcome unto mee."

They swore by the rood, they were sayl But rich merchants they cold not bee "To France nor Flanders dare we pass Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare And all for a rover that lyes on the seas Who robbs us of our merchant ware.'

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde, And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of mig "I thought he had not beene in the world, Durst have wrought England such unright." The merchants sighed, and said, alas! And thus they did their answer frame, He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas, And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.	ght,
The king lookt over his left shoulder, And an angrye look then looked hee: "Have I never a lorde in all my realme, Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?" Yea, that dare I; lord Howard sayes; Yea, that dare I with heart and hand; If it please your grace to give me leave, Myselfe wil be the only man.	30
Thou art but yong; the kyng replyed: Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare. "Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail, Or before my prince I will never appeare." Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have, And chuse them over my realme so free; Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes, To guide the great shipp on the sea.	35
The first man, that lord Howard chose, Was the ablest gunner in all the realm, Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten: Good Peter Simon was his name. Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea, To bring home a traytor live or dead: Before all others I have chosen thee; Of a hundred gunners to be the head.	45

If you, my lord, have chosen mee Of a hundred gunners to be the head, Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree, If I misse my marke one shilling bread.* My lord then chose a boweman rare,	50
Whose active hands had gained fame.† In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, And William Horseley was his name.‡	55
Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede Go seeke a traytor on the sea, And now of a hundred bowemen brave To be the head I have chosen thee. If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee Of a hundred bowemen to be the head; On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee, If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.*	60
With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, This noble Howard is gone to the sea; With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare, Out at Thames mouth sayled he. And days he scant had sayled three,	65



My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind; I and my shipp doe both belong To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.	80
Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt, As thou hast sayled by daye and by night, Of a Scottish rover on the seas; Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knight? Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas! With a grieved mind, and well away! But over-well I knowe that wight, I was his prisoner yesterday.	85
As I was sayling uppon the sea, A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; To his hach-borde he clasped me, And robd me of all my merchant ware: And mickle debts, Got wot, I owe, And every man will have his owne; And I am nowe to London bounde, Of our gracious king to beg a boone.	90 95
That shall not need, lord Howard sais; Lett me but once that robber see, For every penny tane thee froe It shall be doubled shillings three. Nowe God forefend, the merchant said, That you shold seek soe far amisse! God keepe you out of that traitors hands! Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.	100
Hee is brasse within, and steele without, With beames on his topcastle stronge; And eighteen pieces of ordinance He carries on each side along:	105

Ver. 91. The MS. has here Archborde, but in pt. ii. ver. 5. Hachebord: [= ship or side of the ship.]

0

And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,¹
St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.*

110

115

120

This is cold comfort, sais my lord,
To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.

Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee:
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,

Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance



195

10

15

A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night,
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

HE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde sais,
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents,' standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;*
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
What English churles are yonder, he sayd,
That can soe litle curtesye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.
Then called he forth his stout pinnace;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

Ver. 5. "hached with gold," MS.

[•] i.e. did not salute.

96

25
30
35
40
4.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott Came bravely on the other side, Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree, And killed fourscore men beside. Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed, What may a man now thinke, or say? Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee, He was my prisoner yesterday.	60
Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, That aye wast readye att my call; I will give thee three hundred markes, If thou wilt let my beames downe fall. Lord Howard hee then calld in haste, "Horseley see thou be true in stead; For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang, If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."	6 ₅
Then Gordon swarved¹ the maine-mast tree, He swarved it with might and maine; But Horseley with a bearing arrowe, Stroke the Gordon through the braine; And he fell unto the haches again, And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed: Then word went through Sir Andrews men, How that the Gordon hee was dead.	75 80
Come hither to mee, James Hambilton, Thou art my only sisters sonne, If thou wilt let my beames downe fall, Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne. With that he swarved the maine-mast tree, He swarved it with nimble art; But Horseley with a broad arrowe Pierced the Hambilton through the heart:	85

Ver. 67. 84 pounds, MS. V. 75. bearinge, sc. that carries well, &c.

[1 climbed.]

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is slaine!
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
'Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

'Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brother, could cope with thee."

95

105

Come hither Horseley, sayes my lord,
And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.
He shoot my best guoth Horseley then

"Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes, A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine; Ile but lye downe and bleede a while, And then Ile rise and fight againe. Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes, And never flinche before the foe; And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse Untill you heare my whistle blowe."*	125
They never heard his whistle blow,—— Which made their hearts waxe sore adread: Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord, For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead. They boarded then his noble shipp, They boarded it with might and maine; Eighteen score Scots alive they found, The rest were either maimed or slaine.	130
Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand, And off he smote Sir Andrewes head; "I must have left England many a daye, If thou wert alive as thou art dead." He caused his body to be cast Over the hatchbord into the sea, And about his middle three hundred crownes: "Wherever thou land this will bury thee."	140
Thus from the warres lord Howard came, And backe he sayled ore the maine, With mickle joy and triumphing Into Thames mouth he came againe. Lord Howard then a letter wrote, And sealed it with seale and ring; "Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace As never did subject to a king.	145 150 ee,

^{[*} For a reference to whistles used by naval commanders, see Statute of apparel, 24 Hen. VIII. c. 13 (Anstis's Order of the Garter, vol. ii. p. 121.)]

And where, said he, is this rover st That I myselfe may give the doc

"The rover, he is safe, my leige, Full many a fadom in the sea; If he were alive as he is dead,

I must have left England many a And your grace may thank four me For the victory wee have wonne, These are William Horseley, Henry And Peter Simon, and his sonne.

To Henry Hunt, the king then says.
In lieu of what was from thee tand
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chay
And Horseley thou shalt be a knigh
And lands and livings shalt have:
Howard shall be erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene befo

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonr
And the men shall have five hundred
For the good service they have do
Then in came the queene with ladye
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knigh
They weend that hee were brought

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead:
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.



HE following version is reprinted from Hales and Furnivall's edition of the folio MS., vol. iii. p. 403:—

As: itt beffell in M[i]dsumer time when burds singe sweetlye on euery tree, our noble King, King Henery the 8th, ouer the riuer of Thames past hee. hee was no sooner ouer the riuer, downe in a fforrest to take the ayre, but 80 merchants of London cittye came kneeling before King Henery there: "O yee are welcome, rich merchants, [Good saylors, welcome unto me!"] they swore by the rood the were saylers good, but rich merchants they cold not bee; 12 "to ffrance nor fflanders dare we nott passe, nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not ffare, & all ffor a ffalse robber that lyes on the seas, & robb vs of our merchants ware." 16 King Henery was stout, & he turned him about, & swore by the Lord that was mickle of might, "I thought he had not beene in the world throughout, that durst haue wrought England such vnright." 20 but euer they sighed, and said—alas !vnto King Harry this answere againe "he is a proud Scott that will robb vs all if wee were 20 shipps and hee but one." The King looket ouer his left shoulder, amongst his Lords & Barrons soe ffree: "haue I neuer Lord in all my realme will ffeitch yond traitor vnto mee?" 28 to guide the great shipp on the sea.

"Ile goe speake with Sir Andrew," sais Charles,
"vpon the sea, if hee be there,
I will bring him & his shipp to shore,
or before my prince I will neuer come neere

the ffirst of all my Lord did call, a noble gunner hee was one; this man was 60 yeeres and ten,

& Peeter Simon was his name.

"Peeter," sais hee, "I must sayle to the sea
to seeke out an enemye; god be my speed
before all others I haue chosen thee;
of a 100d. guners thoust be my head."

"my Lord," sais hee, "if you haue chosen me of a 100d, gunners to be the head, hange me att your maine-mast tree if I misse my marke past 3 pence bread." The next of all my Lord he did call, a noble bowman hee was one; In yorekeshire was this gentleman borne, & william Horsley was his name.

"Horsley," sayes hee, "I must sayle to the set to seeke out an enemye; god be my speed before all others I haue chosen thee; of a 100 bowemen thoust be my head."

"My Lord," sais hee, "if you haue chosen m of a 100^d. bowemen to be they head, hang me att your mainemast tree if I misse my marke past 12^d. bread."

with pikes, and gunnes, & bowemen bold, this Noble Howard is gone to the sea on the day before Midsummer euen, & out att Thames mouth sayled they.

"thou must tell me thy name," sais Charles, my Lord Haward or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,	1,
yea, & where thy dwelling is, to whom & where thy shipp does belong." "My name," sayes hee, "is Henery Hunt, with a pure hart & a penitent mind; I and my shipp they doe belong vnto the New castle that stands vpon tine."	76 80
"Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt, as thou hast sayled by day & by night, hast thou not heard of a stout robber? men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, Knight." but euer he sighed, & sayd, "alas! ffull well, my Lord, I know that wight! he robd me of my merchants ware, & I was his prisoner but yesternight.	84
"as I was sayling vppon the sea, & Burdeaux voyage as I did ffare, he Clasped me to his Archborde & robd me of all my merchants ware; & I am a man both poore & bare, & euery man will haue his owne of me, & I am bound towards London to ffare, to complaine to my Prince Henerye."	92 96
"Now god ffore-fend," saies Henery Hunt, "my Lord, you shold worke soe ffarr amisse! god keepe you out of that Traitors hands!	100
he hath a pinnace is deerlye dight, Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide; his pinnace beares 9 score men & more,	108
"if you were 20 shippes, & he but one, either in charke-bord or in hall, he wold ouercome you euerye one, & if his beanes they doe downe ffall."	116

& soone then ouercome will hee bee & when that you have done this, if you chance Sir Andrew for to bord, lett no man to his Topcastle goe; & I will giue you a glasse, my Lord,

"& then you need to fferae no Scott, whether you sayle by day or by night; & to-morrow by 7 of the clocke, you shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton, I was his prisoner but yester night, & he hath taken mee sworne;" quoth hee, "I trust my L[ord] god will me fforgiue

& if that oath then broken bee.

"you must lend me sixe peeces, my Lord," q "into my shipp to sayle the sea, & to-morrow by 9 of the clocke your honour againe then will I see." And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew Lay, is hached with gold deerlye dight: "now by my ffaith," sais Charles, my Lord I "then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!"

Take in your ancyents & your star yea that no man shall them see, & put me fforth a white willow wa as Merchants vse to sayle the s

But they stirred neither top nor mast, but Sir Andrew they passed by. "whatt English are yonder," said Sir Andrew "that can so litle curtesye?

"I haue beene Admirall ouer the sea more then these yeeres three; there is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall, this way without leave of mee.

with that they pinnace itt shott of, that my Lord Haward might itt well ken, itt strokes downe my Lords fforemast, & killed 14 of my Lord his men.	164
"come hither, Simon!" sayes my Lord Haward, "looke that thy words be true thou sayd; Ile hang thee att my maine-mast tree	·
if thou misse thy marke past 12 ^d . bread." Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold, hee tooke downe a peece, & layd itt ffull lowe; he put in chaine yeards 9,	168
besids other great shott lesse and more. with that hee lett his gun shott goe; soe well hee settled itt with his eye, the ffirst sight that Sir Andrew sawe,	172
hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea. when hee saw his pinace sunke, Lord! in his hart hee was not well:	176
"cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon! Ile goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!" when my Lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose, lord! in his hart that hee was ffaine:	180
"strike on your drummes, spread out your ancyents! sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!"	184
"ffight on, my men!" sais Sir Andrew Bartton; "weate, howsoeuer this geere will sway, itt is my Lord Adm[i]rall of England is come to seeke mee on the sea."	188
Simon had a sonne, with shott of a gunn,— well Sir Andrew might itt Ken,— he shott itt in att a priuye place,	
& killed 60 more of Sir Andrews men. Harry Hunt came in att the other syde, & att Sir Andrew hee shott then,	192
he droue downe his fformost tree, & killed 80 more of Sir Andirwes men. "I haue done a good turne," sayes Harry Hunt, "Sir Andrew is not our Kings ffreind;	196
he hoped to haue vndone me yesternight, but I hope I haue quitt him well in the end."	200
"Euer alas!" sayd Sir Andrew Barton, "what shold a man either thinke or say? yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest Enemye,	
who was my prisoner but yesterday.	204

street the Gourden through the braine,
And he ffell into the haches againe,
& sore of this wound that he did bleed.
then word went throug Sir Andrews men,
that they Gourden hee was dead.

"come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,—
thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no mo:
I will giue [thee] 600^h.

If thou will lett my beanes downe ffall."
with that hee swarned the maine-mast tree,
soe did hee itt with might and maine:
Horseley with an-other broad Arrow
strake the yeaman through the braine,

that hee ffell downe to the haches againe:
sore of his wound that hee did bleed.
itt is verry true, as the welchman sayd,
couetousness getts no gaine.
but when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,

Lord! in his heart hee was not well.

"goe ffeitch me downe my armour of proue,
ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe, for itt is guilded with gold soe cleere. god be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton! amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.' but when hee had his armour of prooffe, & on his body hee had itt on, euery man that looked att him sayd, "gunn nor arrow hee neede feare no "come hither, Horsley!" sayes my Lord Haw & looke your shaft that itt goe right;

shoot a good shoote in the time of need.

hee made sure to hitt his marke; vnder the spole of his right arme	
hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart. yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start, but hee clinged to itt with might & maine. vnder the coller then of his Iacke, he stroke Sir Andrew thorrow the braine.	252 256
"I am hurt, but I am not slaine; Ile lay mee downe & bleed a-while, & then Ile rise & flight againe. flight on my men," sayes Sir Andrew Bartton, "these English doggs they bite soe lowe; flight on flor Scottland & Saint Andrew till you heare my whistle blowe!"	260 264
but when the cold not heare his whistle blow, sayes Harry Hunt, "Ile lay my head you may bord yonder noble shipp, my Lord, for I know Sir Andrew hee is dead." with that they borded this noble shipp, soe did they itt with might & maine; the ffound 18 score Scotts aliue, besids the rest were maimed & slaine.	263 272
My Lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand, & smote of Sir Andrews head. the Scotts stood by, did weepe & mourne, but neuer a word durst speake or say. he caused his body to be taken downe, & ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea, & about his middle 300 crownes: "wheresoeuer thou lands, itt will bury thee."	2 76
with his head they sayled into England againe with right good will & fforce & meanye, & the day beffore New yeeres euen & into Thames mouth againe they came. My Lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace, with all the newes hee cold him bring: "such a new yeeres gifft I haue brought to your gr[ace], As neuer did subject to any King.	284 283
"ffor Merchandyes and Manhood, the like is nott to be ffound; the sight of these wold doe you good, ffor you haue not the Like in your English ground."	292

2 shipps of warr, before but one.
"who holpe to this?" sayes King Henerye,
"that I may reward him ffor his paine,"
"Harry Hunt and Peeter Simon,
William Horseleay, & I the same."

"Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle & chain & all his Iewells, whatsoeuer they bee, & other rich giffts that I will not name, for his good service he hath done mee. Horslay, right thoust be a Knight;

Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store. Howard shalbe Erle of Nottingham, & soe was neuer Haward before.

"Now Peeter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee & thy sonne,
thou shalt haue 500". all in gold
ffor the good service that thou hast done."
then King Henerye shiffted his roome;
in came the Queene & ladyes bright;
other arrands they had none
but to see Sir Andrew Bartton, Knight.

but when they see his deadly fface,
his eyes were hollow in his head,
"I wold giue a 100"." sais King Henerye,
"the man were aliue as hee is dead!
yett ffor the manfull part that hee hath playo
both heere & beyond the sea
his men shall haue halfe a crowne a day
to bring them to my brother King Iamye.

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

HE subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

The young lady alluded to above has since been set aside for the Hon. Anne Bothwell, daughter of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Mr. James Maidment, in his elegant edition of Scottish Ballads and Songs (vol. ii. 1868), writes: "The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esquire, whose knowledge of antiquated scandal was extraordinary, found in a MS. history of the family of Bothwell by Father Hay, that Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, had a daughter named 'Anne, who fell with child to a son of the Earl of Marre.'" Anne was the sister of the first Lord Holyroodhouse (created in 1607), and her seducer was Alexander, third son of John, seventh Earl of Mar, a cousin of her own, considered one of the handsomest men of his day. This is all very well for conjecture, but it is nothing more. The ballad does not appear to have been associated with a Bothwell, or in fact with any named person, until more than a century after it was written. In the Folio MS. it is simply called *Balowe*, and Percy therefore might well have hesitated before he gave it the heading he has, and before he Scotticised all the English words. The four earliest versions are in the following books: 1. Richard Brome's Comedy of the Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools, printed in 1632, but acted somewhat earlier; 2. Percy Folio; 3. Pinkerton's MS. (1625-49), in the possession of David Laing; 4. John Gamble's MS., 1649;

Book, a MS. in the posses n of Dr. Rir and in Elizabeth Rogers's virginal Book, is British Museum (Addit. MS. 10,337). but the copy may have been taken some fev was so popular a subject that it was printe with additional stanzas, just as 'My lodgir ground' and other popular songs were leng purpose. It has been reprinted in that form Ballads, Historical and Narrative, edit. 1810 title is 'The New Balow; or A Wenches Lar of her Sweetheart: he having left her a bal the fruits of her folly.' The particular hono 'wench' in question was first claimed for " in Part iii. of Comic and Serious Scots . Watson in Edinburgh in 1711. Since that da have been very busy in searching into the sca Bothwell family, to find out which of the La been halla-balooing.

"May we not release the whole race fi The sole authority for the charge is Watsame book that ascribes to the unfortunate 'My dear and only love, take heed,' and tac to his 'My dear and only love, I pray.' Sha must you be ashamed of your over-zealou examine whether the spirit of 'Lady Anni reason to be grateful. Among the stanza Watson are the two following, which are not the stanza watson are the two following, which are not the stanza watson are the two following, which are not the stanza watson are the two following.

English copy:—

I take my fate from best to v That I must needs now be a 1 And lull my young son in my From me, sweet orphan, take Balow, my boy, thy mother n

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'I was too credulous at the first
To grant thee that a maiden durst,
And in thy bravery thou didst vaunt
That I no maintenance should want: (!)
Thou swear thou lov'd, thy mind is moved,
Which since no otherwise has proved.'

"Comment is unnecessary. Can any one believe that such lines were written by or for any lady of rank? Yet they were copied as Lady Anne's by Allan Ramsay, and polished in his usual style. They have been polished and repolished by subsequent editors, but to little avail, for they remain great blots upon a good English ballad. There is not a Scotch word, nor even one peculiar to the North of England, in the whole of Watson's ver sion"

This attempt to dispute the Scottish origin of the ballad is strongly resented by the editor of the Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, Glasgow, 1871. At all events the fact remains that the title "Lady Anne Bothwell's Balow" cannot be traced farther back than Watson's Collection, published in 1711.

ALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve, And with his sugred wordes* to muve,

^{*} When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet sugred is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

^{[1} hush.

² moaning.]

Lye still, my darling, sieipe a w. And when thou wakest, sweitly But smile not, as thy father did, To cozen maids: nay God forb Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae n Thy fatheris hart, and face to be

I cannae chuse, but ever will Be luving to thy father still: Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he i My luve with him doth still aby In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae Mine hart can neire depart him

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie m To faynings fals thine hart incl Be loyal to thy luver trew, And nevir change hir for a new If gude or faire, of hir have car For womens banning's wonder

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is g Thy winsome smiles maun eise My babe and I'll together live, He'll comfort me when cares d My babe and I right saft will ly Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!

I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

HE catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial, imperfect manner in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom, of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty

man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

through the country after his murder that the liking for him although he had been amongst t of years. Robert Lekprevik, the most cele printer of his time, printed in 1567, The Testa of umquhile King Henrie Stewart of gude memoria which discovers clearly the popular feeling at Froude also found one of these ballads among Papers, in which curses are heaped upon M Dalila, Clytemnestra and Semiramis for her bonny boy." One of the verses is as follows:—

"At ten houris on Sunday late at e When Dalila and Bothwell bade go Off her finger false she threw ane ri And said, My Lord ane token you

If the circumstances of the English ballad are and imperfect manner, what shall we say of the tone of those written in Scotland. Mr. Maidr together a few facts that show how much may the unfortunate prince. It appears from Colvill of King James the sext, that Secretary Maitland mind with the insinuation that Rizzio was toc queen. The criminal familiarity of her m appears to have been generally suspected, conduct was that of a jealous husband who his wife. Colville gives the following portrait a cumile Prince, of a fayre and large stature of countenance and affable to all men and devote martiall pastymis uponn horsback as ony prince sa facile as he could concele no secreit althou his awin weill."²

He was certainly accomplished and had been

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He wrote a little tale called *Utopia Nova* when he was between eight and nine years of age, which he presented to his cousin, Mary Tudor. The queen in return presented him with a gold chain, which he acknowledged in a letter remarkable for the extreme beauty of its caligraphy. He also completed a translation into English of Valerius Maximus. Mr. Froude severely condemns the character of Darnley in the following terms: "He was at once meddlesome and incapable, weak and cowardly, yet insolent and unmanageable," and adds that Randolph described him as "a conceited, arrogant, intolerant fool." Nevertheless "the death of the husband of the Queen of Scots belongs to that rare class of incidents which, like the murder of Cæsar, have touched the interests of the entire educated world. Perhaps there is no single recorded act, arising merely out of private or personal passions, of which the public consequences have been so considerable."

Darnley was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Lennox, and not, as stated above, by Percy, the eldest. Their first-born died on the 28th of November, 1545, nine months after his birth.

died on the 28th of November, 1545, nine months after his birth.

The following ballad is entitled *Earle Bodwell* in the Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. ii. p. 260). In the first three editions of the *Reliques* there were more alterations from the MS. than in the fourth, for in the latter Percy restored several of the old readings. The retained alterations are judicious, and no more than the Editor might well feel himself justified in making.]

For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

[[]Ver. 1. woe worth thee, woe worth thee, MS. V. 2. by a sleight. V. 3. for the worthyest. V. 8. wold marry him.

1 Froude's *History of England* (Elizabeth), vol. iii. pp. 1-2.]

YY 45 45 WCII DCIOYCU 40 CYC.

Lord David was his name,

Chamberlaine to the queene was h

If the king had risen forth of his place. He wold have sate him downe in

And tho itt beseemed him not so we Altho the kinge had beene present

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrotl And quarrelled with him for the n I shall you tell how it befell,

Twelve daggers were in him att o

When the queene saw her chamberla. For him her faire cheeks shee did And made a vowe for a yeare and a The king and shee wold not come

Then some of the lords they waxed And made their vow all vehemen For the death of the queenes chamb The king himselfe, how he shall c

With gun-powder they strewed his an And layd greene rushes in his war For the traitors thought that very no This worthye king for to betray.

[[]Ver. 9. it is a pleasant.] V. 15. sic MS. unto. V. 17. ffor if the king. V. 18. have siderous wroth V. 24. all att once. V. 25. v.

To bedd the king he made him bowne; ¹ To take his rest was his desire; He was noe sooner cast on sleepe, But his chamber was on a blasing fire.	40
Up he lope, ² and the window brake, And hee had thirtye foote to fall; Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch, Underneath his castle wall.	
Who have wee here? lord Bodwell sayd: Now answer me, that I may know. "King Henry the eighth my uncle was; For his sweete sake some pitty show."	45
Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd, Now answer me when I doe speake. "Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well; Some pitty on me I pray thee take."	50
Ile pitty thee as much, he sayd, And as much favor show to thee, As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, That day thou deemedst ³ him to die.*	55
Through halls and towers the king they ledd, Through towers and castles that were nye, Through an arbor into an orchard, There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.	60

^{*} Pronounced after the northern manner dee.

[Ver. 37. the worthy king made. V. 38. that was his desire. V. 41. and a glasse window broke. V. 42. he had 30 foote for to ffall. V. 45. sayd Lord Bodwell. V. 46. answer me, now I doe call. V. 48. some pitty show for his sweet sake. V. 49, 50. these two lines are not in the MS., but are here introduced to equalize the stanzas. V. 54. Ile show to thee. V. 55. As thou had on the. V. 57. this king. V. 58. through castles and towers that were hye. V. 60. and there hanged him in a peare tree.

1 ready. 2 leapt. 3 doomedst.]

And here her residence hath taine; And through the queene of Englands & In England now shee doth remaine.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZAI

HE following lines, if they display no ries are yet so strongly characteristic of spirited authoress, that the insertion pardoned. They are preserved in I

of English Poesie; a book in which are many sly queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extra in which these verses are introduced shews what was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, v

"I find," says this antiquated critic, "none exametre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargasia, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majesties owne sweete and harmonicall; which figure beyng as name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious asketh in reason to be reserved for a last comp sciphred by a ladies penne herselfe beyng the mather bewtie of queenes. And this was the occaraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret fac people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to for some of them desirous of innovation in the state:

to greater fortunes by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the daunger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterward fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in fauour of the said Sc. Q. declining from her Maiestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the Realme by many euill and vndutiful practizes." (p. 207.)

This sonnet was probably written in 1584, not long before Hen. Percy 8th E. of Northumberland was imprisoned on suspicion of plotting with F. Throckmorton, Tho. Lord Paget, and the Guises, for invading England, and liberating the Q. of Scots, &c. (See Collins's *Peerage*, 1779, ii. 405.) The original is written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here, on account of the narrowness of the page, subdivided into two: but her majesty's orthography, or at least that of her copyist, is exactly followed.

In the first edition of Harrington's Nuga Antiqua, 1st vol. 1769, 12mo. p. 58, is a copy of this poem, with great variations, the best of which are noted below. It is there accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own enditing... My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing."



HE doubt of future foes,

Exiles my present ioy,

And wit me warnes to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd
Or wisdome weu'd the webbe.

But clowdes of iois vntried, Do cloake aspiring mindes,

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Ver. 1. dread, Harrington's ed. V. 6. subjects, Har. V. 7. should, Har. V. 8. wove, Har.

And trutelesse all their grafted guil As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride, Which great ambition blinds, Shalbe vnseeld by worthy wights, Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,*
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reap no gaine where former ru
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight Shall ancre in this port, Our realme it brookes no strangers Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest,
Shall first his edge employ,
To polle their toppes, that seeke suc
And gape for 'such like' ioy.

†‡† I cannot help subjoining to the above son tich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 19 he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortur

"Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the Where Vertue's force can cause her to oba

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves atte

* ***

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

HIS ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have

had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves. At the end is subjoined the name of the author "W. Elderton. Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter, folio.

This *Elderton*, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs' courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads: and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys:—

"Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus, Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est."

"Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie; Dead as he is, he still is dry: So of him it may well be said, Here he, but not his thirst, is laid."

See Stow's Lond. [Guild Hall].—Biog. Brit. [Drayton, by Oldys

And praysed God that he did miss To tast of that extremity: For that he did perceive and know His clergie would betray him so: Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,
My father, and grandfather slair.
My mother banished, O extreame
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne
And now like treason wrought for
What more unhappie realme can t
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his
And gave her twenty poundes;
And trustie Browne too in like ca
He knighted him with gallant;
And gave him 'lands and' livings
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bish
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and p
Tooke not effect of traytery;
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majes

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How they might make their kinge away, By a privie banket on a daye. Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heede you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing:
For his godmother* will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:
That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be,
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

• Q. Elizabeth.

[1 banquet.]

A SCOTTISH SONG.

N December, 1591, Francis Stewar had made an attempt to seize o sovereign James VI., but being disa towards the north. The king una

mission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, and his followers with fire and sword. Hun executing that commission, took occasion t quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl o of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592 house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murn nobleman of the most promising virtues, and

the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his of his ancestor naked and covered with wou carried about, according to the custom of inflame the populace to revenge his death. I flatter, he well deserved the name of the bonn represented as a tall and comely personage. the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him Murray half expiring, said, "You hae spilt a awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagge swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and fo poor defenceless body.

K. James, who took no care to punish the some to have privately countenanced and stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet p had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortupreface to the next ballad. See also Mr.

Royal Auth. vol. i. p. 42.

Tames Stewart, son of Sir James Stewa

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still the property of the family, and gives the title of Viscount to the eldest son of the Earl of Murray. The Earl of Huntley, instead of being punished for his crime, was created a marquis, and King James made the young earl of Murray marry the eldest daughter of his father's murderer.

There is another version of this ballad given in Finlay's Scottish Ballads (ii. 21), which commences—

"Open the gates
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do me nae harm."

The author of this seems to have supposed that Murray married a sister of Huntley.]



E highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley! And quhairfore did you sae! I bade you bring him wi' you, But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

XVIII.

YOUNG WATE

A Scottish Balla

T has been suggested to the E covertly alludes to the indisci Q. Anne of Denmark is said to bonny Earl of Murray; and which

influenced the fate of that unhappy noble

judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is gi writer, and a person of credit, Sir James King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals

Advocates library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febry, this yeire, 1592 was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Hi Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him D ray. It [was] given out and publickly of Huntley was only the instrument of 1 to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murra more rashely than wyslie, some few dayes in the King's heiringe, with too many ep gallant man. The reasons of these surmiclamatione of the Kings, the 18 of March t : younge Earle of Murray to persue the I fau 's slaughter, in respect he being war for the same murthe

majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part of the murther."*

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar [in 1761].

[Buchan, who printed a longer version of this ballad in thirtynine stanzas, believed young Waters to have been David Graham
of Fintray, who was found guilty of being concerned in a Popish
plot, and beheaded on the 16th of February, 1592. Chambers
supposed that the fate of some one of the Scottish nobles executed
by James I. after his return from captivity in England is alluded to.
The various conflicting conjectures are none of them very probable,
and there is nothing in the ballad that would conclusively connect
it with authentic Scottish history. Percy's suggestion is peculiarly
unfortunate, as young Waters was publicly executed at Stirling.
Mr. Maidment points out (Scottish Ballads and Songs, vol. i. p. 62)
that the first edition appeared under the following title, Young
Waters, an Ancient Scotish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow:
printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. sm. 4to.
pp. 8; and he suggests that Lord Hailes was the editor of it.]

And the round tables began,

A'! there is cum to our kings court

Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, Beheld baith dale and down, And then she saw young Waters Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before, His horsemen rade behind, Ane mantel of the burning gowd Did keip him frae the wind.

10

As the ballad doth vaunt) Were a braver wight, &c."

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornf. finem.

—— "My large gentlewoman, my Mary a seen into you, you should have had another bec

It is likewise evident, that she is the virago in *Hudibras* (p. i. c. iii. v. 365), by her being a'Arc, the celebrated *Pucelle a'Orleans*.

"A bold virago stout and tall As Joan of France, or English Ma

This ballad is printed from a black letter (Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, The valorous acts performed at (bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her le her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind

[The copy from the MS., which is printed a found to differ considerably from the following v

HEN captain's couragious, when not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the They mustred their souldier by three,

And the formost in battle was Mary A

When brave Sir John Major* was slaine Who was her true lover her in and

Because he was slaine most treacherouslie, Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe; To A faire shirt of male* then slipped on shee; Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide, A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side, On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee; Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand, Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band; To wayte on her person came thousand and three: Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree? 20

My soldiers, she saith, soe valiant and bold, Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde; Still foremost in battel myselfe will I bee: Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say, 25 Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Thee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life, With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fyfe, 30 ith brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free; not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

landers; I will see the worst of you all
Mechlinge into danger of death, or of thrall,
with the ind and this life I will venture so free:
mention this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?
dered her

liar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, nder the cloaths. It is mentioned by Spencer, who Heiding Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a cution was a Mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)

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Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

^{*} A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the cloaths. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)

And her enemyes bodyes with bunct For one of her owne men a score kil Was not this a brave bonny lasse, M

And when her false gunner, to spoyk Away all her pellets and powder had Straight with her keen weapon shee sla Was not this a brave bonny lasse, M

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of l At length she was forced to make a Then her souldiers into a strong cas Was not this a brave bonny lasse, M

Her foes they besett her on everye s As thinking close siege shee cold no To beate down the walles they all d But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mar

Then tooke shee her sword and her And mounting the walls all undaunt There daring their captaines to mat O what a brave captaine was Mary

Now saye, English captaine, what v To ransome thy selfe, which else m Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slai: Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary

Ve captaines couragious, of valour s

No captaine of England; behold in your sight Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight: 70 Toe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see, ut a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.

Tut art thou a woman, as thou dost declare, whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre? If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee, Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne, Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne; Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee, And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all, Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall: A mayden of England, sir, never will bee The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne, 85 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne: Therfore English captaines of every degree Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.



HE following version is reprinted from Hales and Furnivall's edition of the folio MS. vol. i. p. 516.

Captaine couragious, whome death cold daunte, beseeged the Citye brauelye, the citty of Gaunt! they mustered their soliders by 2 & by 3: & the fformost in Battele was Mary Aumbree!

When braue Sir Iohn Maior was slaine in that fight, that was her true louer, her Ioy & delight, shee swore his death vnreuenged shold not bee; was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary Aumbree?

was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary A

A helmett of proofe shee tooke on her hea & a strong arminge sword shee wore by he a goodly fayre gauntlett on her hand put s was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary A.

Shee tooke her sword & her targett in han bidding all such as wold, wayte on her bar to waite on her person there came 1000^{ds} was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary A

"My soldiers," shee saith, "soe valiant as now ffollow your Captain which you doe I in the fight formost my selfe will I bee!" was not this a brave, bonye lasse, Mary A

Then cryed out her souldiers, & loude the "soe well thou becomes this gallant array thy hands & thy weapons doe well soe agreement there was never none like to Mary Aumbi

Shee cheared her good souldiers that foug with the cominge of Ancyents, with drum that braue sonding trumpetts with ingines att last the made mention of Mary Aumb

"Before that I doe see the worst of you come in the danger of your enemyes thra this hand & this sword shall first sett him was not this a braue bonye lasse, Mary A

Shee forward went on in Battaile array, & straight shee did make her foes flye av 7 houres in sckirmish continued shee; was not this a braue bonye lasse, Mary 1

was not this a braue bonye lasse, Mary Aumbree?

God send in warrs, such euent I abide, god send such a solider to stand by my side! then safely preserued my person wilbe; there was neuer none like to Mary Aumbree!] 84

88

In the year 1500, distinguished mine Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He made general of the English forces vinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who we gave him an opportunity of signalizing his conskill in several actions against the Spaniard greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probe this old ballad, which, on account of its flatter English valour, hath always been a favourite wi

"My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary the queenes best swordsmen:... he was a gremilitary... I have heard it spoken, that had court, but applied himself to the queene, he mip plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his him no good, that he was none of the *Reptili* he could not creepe on the ground, and that his element; for indeed, as he was a great so suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke that assiduitie of the courte." (Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norr famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed letter copy, with some conjectural emendatic receive illustration from what *Chapman* says in version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concern memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with on the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Par together.

[Lord Willoughby was the son of Katherine Willoughby of Eresby and widow of Charles Suffolk, and of her second husband, Richard I protestants and were forced to fly from persecu refuge first in the Low Countries and afterward called their son in consequence Peregrine at

5

"A sonne she had in Germanie, Peregrine Bartue cald by name, Surnamde The Good Lord Willobie, Of courage great and worthie fame."

Mr. Chappell informs us that the tune of the following ballad occurs in Lady Neville's Virginal Book (MS. 1591), and in Robinson's School of Music (1603), where it is called "Lord Willobie's Welcome Home."]

HE fifteenth day of July,

With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders

Was foughten in the field:

The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee:
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formost man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

[1 a large pistol or blunderbuss.]

Yet nothing could the courage Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens v.
This fight endured sore,

Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no mo

And then upon dead horses Full savourly they eat,

And drank the puddle water, They could no better get.

. 1

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground

And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had fou
And beating up their colours,

The fight they did renew, And turning tow'rds the Span

A thousand more they slew

The sharp steel-pointed arrow And bullets thick did fly;

Then did our valiant soldiers Charge on most furiously;

Which made the Spaniards was They thought it best to flee

They fear'd the stout behavior Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish gene

With courage fierce and fell, He will not give one inch of way	
For all the devils in hell.	
And then the fearful enemy Was quickly put to flight,	65
Our men persued couragiously, And caught their forces quite; But at last they gave a shout,	
Which ecchoed through the sky, God, and St. George for England!	70
The conquerers did cry.	
This news was brought to England With all the speed might be,	
And soon our gracious queen was told Of this same victory.	75
O this is brave lord Willoughbey, My love that ever won,	
Of all the lords of honour	
'Tis he great deeds hath done.	80
To the souldiers that were maimed,	
And wounded in the fray, The queen allowed a pension	
Of fifteen pence a day;	
And from all costs and charges	85
She quit and set them free:	
And this she did all for the sake	
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.	
Then courage, noble Englishmen,	
And never be dismaid; If that we be but one to ten,	90
We will not be afraid	
To fight with foraign enemies,	
And set our nation free.	
And thus I end the bloody bout Of brave lord Willoughbèy.	95

to the heroes of the foregoing that I cannot help placing it he composition is of a much later p trom cu and Death, a masque by J. S. ()
Mar. 26, 1653. London printed 1653, 4to.

[Dr. Rimbault informs us that this mase the Military Ground in Leicester Fields, w Locke and Dr. Christopher Gibbons. p. 22.)]

ICTORIOUS men of ear Proclaim how wide you binde in ear And your triumphs reasonable As night

Yet you proud monarchs mus And mingle with forgotten ashe Death calls yee to the croud of

Devouring famine, plague, and Each able to undo mankind, Death's servile emissaries are: Nor to these alone confin'd, He hat

More quaint and subtle waye A smile or kiss, as he will use t Shall have the cunning skill to

XXII.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

HE subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy [see v. 27]. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:

"A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales, And a laird of the North country; But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent Will buy them out all three."

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

[Philip II. was meditating the dispatch of a second armada, but before he could set his schemes in motion his strongest fortress was razed to the ground. Macaulay calls this "the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the continent by English arms during the long interval which clapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim." No wonder then that the English sang with enthusiasm of the glories of their success. Raleigh and Sir Francis Vere were among the leaders under Essex.

It will be seen by the foot notes that Percy follows his MS. original pretty faithfully. Child prints a version from Deloney's Garland of Goodwill as reprinted by the Percy Society (vol. xxx. p. 113). The earliest notice of the tune (the new Tantara) to which this ballad was to be sung is in the year 1590.]

With as great plenty as Spain cou Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus stri Tantara, tantara, the Englishm

To the seas presentlye went our low With knights couragious and capt The brave Earl of Essex, a prosper With him prepared to pass the sa Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they s Braver ships never were seen und With their fair colours spread, and st head,

Now bragging Spaniards, take he Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we me Where the kinges navy securelye Being upon their backs, piercing the Ere any Spaniards our coming de Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running a Which at that season was made i The beacons were fyred, as need th To hyde their great treasure they Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,

And how their men drowned themselves in the sea; There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,

When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30 Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards, Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea; But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew, Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35 Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the
town:

The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,

Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all, Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have; And be well rewarded all from the great to the small; But looke that the women and children you save.

Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight, Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne; Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye, With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50 Dub a dub, &c.

[[]Ver. 35. brought them away, MS. V. 38. marched toward the town. V. 44. all not in MS. V. 45. no the in MS. V. 47. thought in vaine twas to fight. V. 48. and not in MS. V. 50. with our English.]

Full of rich merchandize, every shop ca Damasks and sattens and velvets fu Which soldiers measur'd out by the swords;

Of all commodities eche had a shar Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave March'd to the market-place, where There many prisoners fell to our seve Many crav'd mercye, and mercye the Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they del And would not ransome their town With their fair wanscots, their presses Their joint-stools and tables a fire And when the town burned all in With tara, tantara, away wee all

[[]Ver. 54. baking in the oven. V. 55. meate & ffolkes ffled away. V. 57. shop wee did see. V. 64. prisoners of good account were tooke. V. 67. delayed time. V. 70. a ffire were made came.]

XXIII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

HIS beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family [Sir John Popham], and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

[Sir John Popham and Sir Richard Levison are not the only candidates for the honour of being associated with the Spanish Lady, for strong claims have also been brought forward in favour of Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and of Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire. A descendant of the latter worthy wrote a letter in his favour, which appeared in the Times of May 1, 1846, and from which the following particulars are extracted:— "In Illingworth's Topographical Account of Scampton, with Anecdotes of the family of Bolles, it is stated, 'the portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, at the age of thirty-six years, having on him the gold chain given him by the Spanish Lady, &c., is still in the possession of Captain Birch.' That portrait is now in the possession of Captain Birch's successor, Thomas Bosvile Bosvile, Esq., of Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire." The writer of the letter signs himself Charles Lee, and dates from Coldrey, Hants. He adds another extract from Illingworth's Scampton, which is as follows: "On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz, the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his wife, a profusion of jewels, and other

there is a traditionary superstition among the Hall was haunted by the Green Lady, who us her seat in a particular tree near the mansion."

Mr. Chappell points out that this ballad is Whirligig, 1616, and parodied in Rowley's A 1633. It is also quoted in Mrs. Behn's Come the banished Cavaliers, and in Richard Brome's

Shenstone was not satisfied with the beautifu charming ballad, and attempted in his Moral Honour to place it before his readers "in less than the simple guise of ancient record." The was to spin it out by the frequent introductio 'tis true, and addresses to the "generous maid," Wordsworth acted far differently, when he four Armenian Lady's Love upon this ballad:

"You have heard of a Spanish La How she wooed an English man; Hear now of a fair Armenian, Daughter of the proud Soldan."

The copy in the folio MS. (ed. Hales and p. 393) begins with verse 33, the early part out.]

How she wooed an Engli
Garments gay as rich as ma
Decked with jewels she h
Of a comely countenance and grace wa
And by birth and parentage of high de

15

20

In his courteous company was all her joy, To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, Whom thou knowst thy country's foe? Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee: Serpents lie where flowers grow."

All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight, God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,

That you came on Spanish ground;

If our foes you may be termed,

Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts eche one, 35

Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

The wife of every Englishman is counted

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'en

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shal be
And eke five hundred* pounds in gold
known.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gold nor yet for all the fairest dames that live

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,

Bear to her this chain of gold;

And these bracelets for a token;

Grieving that I was so bold:

All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,

For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws* defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladle."

[•] So the folio MS. Other editions read his laws.

[[]Ver. 75. many dayes of joy god send you. V. 76. Ile make. V. 77. upon my knees I pardon crave for this offence. V. 78. which love and true affectyon did ffirst commence. V. 80. a chaine. V. 83. take with thee. V. 84. these are . . . and not for me. V. 88. from other. V. 92. and ffarwell my. V. 95. be still.]

S extracted from an ancient historical per Books, intitled, Albion's England, by Will "An author (says a former editor,) only unchoice of his subject, and measure of his

poem is an epitome of the British history, and writt learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an degree, as I think will eminently appear in the enterior of Argentile and Curan). A tale full of beautiful the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornar fully various in style; and in short, one of the new pastorals I ever met with." (Muscs Library, 1738, merit nothing can be objected unless perhaps an af ness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy i pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,* to have been a man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at M as also in the latter part of his life to have been r service of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to whom he poem. However that may have been, new light is his history, and the time and manner of his death tained, by the following extract from the parish re Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly to the Editor by Mr. Heele, the very ingenious

Tasso, &c.

(1608—1609.) "Master William Warner, a man and of honest reputation; by his profession an a Common Pleas; author of Allians England, diyn the night in his bedde, without any former complays on thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March; satturday following, and lyeth in the church at the stone of Walter Finder." Signed The Hassall

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called the

Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

> "With that she dasht her on the lippes So dyed double red: Hard was the heart that gave the blow, Soft were those lippes that bled."

The edition of Albion's England here followed was printed in 4to. 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of Argentile and Curan is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by William Webster, London, 1617, in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common ballad, of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain, which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo.

[Percy had already in the first volume quoted from Warner's poem the story of the Patient Counters.]

> HE Bruton's 'being' departed hence seaven kingdoms here begonne,

Where diversly in divers broyles the Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright in Diria jointly raigne; In loyal concorde during life these kingly friends

When Adelbright should leave his life, to Edel thus he sayes;

By those same bondes of happie love, that held us friends alwaies:

owne,

Thy niece, my daughter Argentile, till she t growne;

And then, as thou receivest it, resigne to throne.

A promise had for his bequest, the testator But all that Edel undertooke, he afterwards Yet well he 'fosters for' a time the damsell growne

The fairest lady under heaven; whose beaut knowne,

A many princes seeke her love; but none n obtaine;

For grippell¹ Edel to himselfe her kingdom to gaine;

And for that cause from sight of such he did restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto a prince in did see

The maid, with whom he fell in love, as muc might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe? his kept in mewe;

Nor he, nor any noble-man admitted to he One while in melancholy fits he pines himse Anon he thought by force of arms to win maye:

A cill against the kings restraint di

- At length the high controller Love, whom none may disobay,
- Imbased him from lordlines into a kitchen drudge,
- That so at least of life or death she might become his judge.
- Accesse so had to see and speake, he did his love bewray,
- And tells his birth: her answer was, she husbandles would stay.
- Meane while the king did beate his braines, his booty to atchieve,
- Nor caring what became of her, so he by her might thrive;
- At last his resolution was some pessant should her wive.
- And (which was working to his wish) he did observe with joye
- How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toye.*
- The king, perceiving such his veine, promotes his vassal still,
- Lest that the basenesse of the man should lett, perhaps, his will.
- Assured therefore of his love, but not suspecting who The lover was, the king himselfe in his behalf did woe.
- The lady resolute from love, unkindly takes that he 40 Should barre the noble, and unto so base a match agree:
- And therefore shifting out of doores, departed thence by stealth;
- Preferring povertie before a dangerous life in wealth.

[1 hinder.]

^{*} The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" i.e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his hart

Was more than much, and after her from court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth, his country, friends, and all,

And only minding (whom he mist) the foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent or court, or stately townes,

But solitarily to live amongst the country grownes. A brace of years he lived thus, well pleased so to live,

And shepherd-like to feed a flocke himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want, grew almost to the waine:

But then began a second love, the worser of the twaine.
A country wench, a neatherds maid, where Curan kept
his sheepe,

Did feed her drove: and now on her was all the shepherds keepe.

And wildings, or the seasons fruit he did in scrip bestow,

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe, and sheephooke lay him by,

On hollow quilles of oten straw he piped melody

But when he spyed her his saint, he wip'd his greasie shooes,

And clear'd the drivell from his beard, and thus the shepheard wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese, as good as tooth may chawe,

And bread and wildings souling² well, (and therewithall did drawe

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see yon crumpling' ewe, quoth he,

Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou, if I might tup with thee.

Thou art too elvish, faith thou art, too elvish and too coy:

Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock enjoye? I wis I am not: yet that thou doest hold me in disdaine

Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this plaine.

There be as quaint (at least that thinke themselves as quaint) that crave

The match, that thou, I wot not why, maist, but mislik'st to have.

How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a female) I,

Her know not here that willingly with maiden-head would die.

Ver. 68. Eating. PCC. V. 77. Her know I not her that. 1602.

^{[1} crab apples. 4 ram.

victualling.public.

crooked horned.nice or prudent.

The plowmans labour hath no end, and he a churle will prove:

The craftsman hath more worke in hand then fitteth unto love:

The merchant, traffiquing abroad, suspects his wife at home:

A youth will play the wanton; and an old man prove a mome.

Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun he doth his flocke unfold,

And all the day on hill or plaine he merrie chat can hold;

And with the sun doth folde againe; then jogging home betime,

He turnes a crab, or turnes a round, or sings some merry ryme.

Nor lacks he gleeful tales, whilst round the nut-brown bowl doth trot;

And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed be got: Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow-cares:

Nor feares he blasting of his corne nor uttering of

Content is worth a	monarchie, and	mischiefs hit th	e
hie;		9	5

- As late it did a king and his not dwelling far from hence.
- Who left a daughter, save thyselfe, for fair a matchless wench."—
- Here did he pause, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.
- The neatresse, longing for the rest, did egge him on to tell
- How faire she was, and who she was. "She bore, quoth he, the bell
- For beautie: though I clownish am, I know what beautie is;
- Or did I not, at seeing thee, I senceles were to mis.
- Her stature comely, tall; her gate well graced; and her wit
- To marvell at, not meddle with, as matchless I omit. A globe-like head, a gold-like haire, a forehead smooth, and hie,
- An even nose; on either side did shine a grayish eie: Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips, white just-set teeth within;
- A mouth in meane; and underneathe a round and dimpled chin.
- Her snowie necke, with blewish veines, stood bolt upright upon
- Her portly shoulders: beating balles her veined breasts, anon
- Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was her middle falling still,
- And rising whereas women rise: * * * imagine nothing ill.

² middle sized.]

And more, her long, and limber armes had white and azure wrists;

And slender fingers aunswere to her smooth and lillie fists.

A legge in print, a pretie foot; conjecture of the rest:
For amorous eies, observing forme, think parts obscured best.

With these, O raretie! with these her tong of speech was spare;

But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, the balle from Ide to bear.

With Phoebe, Juno, and with both herselfe contends in face;

Wheare equall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.

Her smiles were sober, and her lookes were chearefull unto all:

Even such as neither wanton seeme, nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

A quiet minde, a patient moode, and not disdaining any;

The 'coate' of beautie*. Credit me, thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined shew. But wherefore dost thou weepe?

The shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both doe silence keepe.

"In troth, quoth he, I am not such, as seeming I professe:

But then for her, and now for thee, I from myselfe digresse.

Her loved I (wretch that I am a recreant to be)
I loved her, that hated love, but now I die for thee.

At Kirkland is my fathers court, and Curan is my name,

In Edels court sometimes in pompe, till love countrould the same:

But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
what ailest thou to weepe?"
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The damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much that you did love so much:

But whom your former could not move, your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved argentile submitteth her to thee, And for thy double love presents herself a single fee, In passion not in person chang'd, and I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for a space, When as the extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace; And for their wedding, and their wish got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then was named so this land)

^{*} i.e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597, 1602, 1612, read Coote.

'hen Curan had an hardier knight; his force could none withstand:

Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,

le warr'd in Diria*, and he wonne Bernicia* too in fight:

and crowne, 155

and of Northumberland was king, long raigning in renowne.†

During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberand (consisting of 6 northern counties, besides part of Scotland) as for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bericia, comprehending those which lay north.

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Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

[Such is hapless Corins fate: Since my waywarde love begunne, Equall doubts begett debate What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed; Yet to speke will move disdaine: If I see her not I bleed, Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?

Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;

For to linger thus in woe

Is the lover's sharpest hell.]

XXVI.

JANE SHORE.

HOUGH so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to



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correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced therin, when thei

in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain friendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that now see her (for yet she liveth) deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it were to his bed. The other two wer somwhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke

clamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Oct. 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fæd. tom. xij. pag. 204.

[The Rev. Mark Noble writes as follows of the charge made by Richard of Dorset's living in adultery with Jane Shore.—"It could not be before she was taken by Edward; it could not be during that king's life; it could not be afterwards, by Richard's own account, for by his proclamation she then was the mistress of Hastings to the night preceding his being put to death. It could not be after that catastrophe, for ever after then Richard kept her either in the Tower or in Ludgate a close prisoner."—Brayley's Graphic and Historical Illustrator, 1834, p. 55.]

ecial pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose your, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she ver abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and ief. Where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and pease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring em in his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee tained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and ally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, her for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than h: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was le to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be a alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great atters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteme r only by that thei now see her. But me semeth the chaunce so uch the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is now the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of actaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the ince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in ose days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their nes, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. er doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be rauche lesse membred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they we an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a od tourne, we write it in duste.* Which is not worst proved by

morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See England's Heroical Epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond. 1637, 12mo.

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College, Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto Mezzotinto print was taken from

the former of these by J. Faber.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of K. Richard III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. Num. 433, Art. 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russel bp. of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.

By the King.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

" RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that K. Richard had granted to the said *Thomas Linom* the office of King's Solicitor (Art. 134.), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedf. to him and his Heirs Male (Art. 596.)

FANE SHORE.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an d black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, The oefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, metime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of Live with e, &c. (See the first volume.) To every stanza is annexed the llowing burthen:

"Then maids and wives in time amend, For love and beauty will have end."

[The tale of Jane Shore's sufferings has found frequent narrators, he first known ballad upon her story was written by Thomas hurchyard (who died in 1604) and is included in the Mirror for Ingistrates. The ballad here printed is attributed to Thomas eloney, and was entered on the books of the Stationers' Commany to William White, printer, on the 11th of June, 1603, but no ppy of this edition is known to exist. Mr. Chappell remarks that the copy in any of the collections can be dated "earlier than harles the Second's time, or at most than the Protectorate" Roxburghe Ballads, vol. i. p. 479). It is printed in the Collection of Old Ballads, 1723 (vol. i. p. 145), and in the same collection is burlesque song called King Edward and Jane Shore (vol. i. 153). The Roxburghe copy has a second part which Mr. Chapell says is "probably by another hand and of later date." Deney has paid very little attention to facts, and many of his stateents are groundless, for instance no one was hanged for sucpuring Jane (vv. 105-112), and instead of dying of hunger in a

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F Rosamonde that was so faire, Had cause her sorrowes to declare, Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing, That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright Was loved dear of lord and knight; But yet the love that they requir'd, It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine, A husband for me did obtaine; And I, their pleasure to fulfille, Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife, Till lust brought ruine to my life; And then my life I lewdlye spent, Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle. As London yet can witness welle; Where many gallants did beholde My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe, Some sweet and secret friende to wooe, Because chast love I did not finde Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring Into the eares of Englandes king, Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd, But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare, Whose friendship I esteemed deare, Did saye, It was a gallant thing To be beloved of a king.

JANE SHORE

70

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce, That I had made so sweet a choice; And therefore did my state resigne, To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went, To reape the pleasures of content; There had the joyes that love could bring, And knew the secrets of a king.

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When I was thus advanc'd on highe Commanding Edward with mine eye, For Mrs. Blague I in short space Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time I made unto a promotion climbe; But yet for all this costlye pride,

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But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye, And then my dayes of woe grew nighe; When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75 King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life, That made a strumpet of a wife, I penance did in Lombard-street, In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe, 85 Who late in court my credit knewe; Which made the teares run down my face, To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee My goodes, my livings, and my fee, And charg'd that none should me relieve, Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

FANE SHORE.

72

But she denyed to me the same When in my need for them I came; To recompence my former love, Out of her doores shee did me shove.

100

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110

So love did vanish with my state, Which now my soul repents too late; Therefore example take by mee, For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, Whom I before had seen distrest, And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die, Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed That he was hanged for that deed; His death did grieve me so much more, Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good, Durst not afford me any food; Whereby I begged all the day.

JANE SHORE.	273
Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe I yielded up my vital strength Within a ditch of loathsome scent, Where carrion dogs did much frequent:	130
The which now since my dying daye, Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye*; Which is a witness of my sinne, For being concubine to a king.	135
You wanton wives, that fall to lust, Be you assur'd that God is just; Whoredome shall not escape his hand, Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.	140
If God to me such shame did bring, That yielded only to a king, How shall they scape that daily run To practise sin with every one?	
You husbands, match not but for love, Lest some disliking after prove; Women, be warn'd when you are wives, What plagues are due to sinful lives:	145
Then, maids and wives, in time amend, For love and beauty will have end.	15-

^{*} But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common Sewer (vulgarly Shore) or drain. See Stow.

[Weever states that it was named from the Lord of the Manor. Sir John de Sordig was Ambassador from Edward III. to the Pope, to remonstrate with his Holiness on his claim to present foreigners to English livings.]



XXVII.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

HIS little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in The golden garland of princely delights.

The burthen of the song, Ding Dong, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest:

> " Full fadom five thy father lies, Of his bones are corrall made; Those are pearles that were his eyes; Nothing of him, that doth fade, But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange: Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell, Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell. "Burthen, Ding Dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

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Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried By youths, that do excell; And when that she is buried, I thus will ring her knell, Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed By art and natures skill, Of sundry-colour'd flowers, In token of good-will*: Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowet:
With her to grave shall go.
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours, Set forth with curious art[‡],

^{*} It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried. [For further note on this custom, see *The Bride's Burial*, vol iii. Book II. No. 13.]

⁺ See above, preface to No. XI. Book II.

[†] This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

Ding, &c.
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.

And thereon shall be graven

Her epitaph so faire,

"Here lies the loveliest maiden,

That e'er gave shepheard care."

Ding, &c.

35

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede;
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head



RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.







I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

SHALL begin this third book with an old allegoric Satire; a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, was at least chiefly brought into repute by

that ancient Satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.†

The following Song, intitled, *The Complaint of Conscience*, is printed from the Editor's folio Manuscript: Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the Reader, wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

[This poem entitled *Conscience* is printed in Hales and Furnivall's edition of the Percy folio MS. (vol. ii. p. 174), with a long preface by Mr. Furnivall, on the earnest side of Early English literature.

It will be seen from the foot-notes that Percy left many of his corrections unnoticed.]

^{• [}The correct title is William's Vision of Piers Plowman. It is William (the author) who has the vision of Piers Plowman.

[†] This essay is printed as an Appendix.]

THE COMPLAINT

To God for to meditate was my entent;
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed

silly poore creature ragged and rent,

Vith bloody teares his face was besprent,

His fleshe and his color consumed away,

And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

his made me muse, and much 'to' desire
to know what kind of man hee shold bee;
stept to him straight, and did him require
lis name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
lis head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

hen straightway he turn'd him, and pray'd 'me' sit downe, 15 nd I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe; There was none in the court that lived in such fame, For with the kings councell 'I' sate in commission; Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name; And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:

I was ever holden in honest condition,
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall, When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine;
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:

For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend, But Conscience was called to bee at 'the' end. 35

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make But I was called a wittenesse therto:

No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:

'And' that makes me live now in great woe,
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'

That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:
They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my
downefall;

45

Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried, And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed To have had entertainment with some one or other; But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

[[]Ver. 22. in all the court.] V. 23. he sate, MS. [V. 34. that was passed.] V. 35. an end, MS. [V. 36. Noe merchandize nor bargaines the merchants wold make. V. 42. now is.] V. 43. they be these, MS. V. 46. was deride, MS. [V. 47. Yet still abroad have I tried.]

THE COMPLAINT

hen went I to the Court the gallants to winn,

it the porter kept me out of the gate:

b Bartlemew Spittle¹ to pray for my sinne,

hey bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state;

be, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a

mate.

Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and

Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene, 55 With whom evermore I esteemed have been.

hen went I to London, where once I did 'dwell':

it they bade away with me, when they knew my
name;

br he will undoe us to bye and to sell!

hey bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame;
hey lought² at my raggs, and there had good game;
This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt
with saint Peter:

But they wold not admitt me to be a chimneysweeper.

ot one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know:

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:
Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
For my name and the place agreed soe fit;
But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in everye

'commission,'
The lawyers with their quillets' wold get 'my' dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;
Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee!
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away,

But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

away,

Dost thou remember how wee thee found?

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us:

And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us; For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name; Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane, 'Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame: 95

[[]Ver. 72. they Court. V. 73. some favor I. V. 76. did use my name in everye condicion. V. 77. for lawyers get a. V. 79. good god. V. 83. soe then they. V. 85. then the merchants. V. 89. hands. V. 90. verry glad . . . did . . . V. 91. wold. V. 92. goe an. V. 95. and how . . . had held, MS.]

^{[1} quibbles.]

THE COMPLAINT

d at letting their farmes 'how always I came'.
They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:
Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

d then I was forced a begging to goe
husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore, 100
d sware that their landlords had plagued them so
at they were not able to keepe open doore,
r nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare. 105

t within this same desert some comfort I have Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds; no have vowed to company me to my grave. He are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds, and hence such cold house-keeping proceeds': 110 Dur banishment is its utter decay, The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

ny then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 'And' prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest. I told him, I haplie might yet see the day For him and his fellowes to live with the best. First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;

For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,

And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand.

II.

PLAIN TRUTH AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

HIS excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intitled, *The Garland of Goodwill.—Ignorance* is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

OD speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you
So sadly here you staye?

And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

[Ver. 122. I might happen to see. V. 123. to have him. V. 124. you must banish pride and then. V. 125. and then . . . sells their lands.] V. 126. houses every where wold be kept, MS.

PLAIN TRUTH AND

IGNORANCE.

Chill¹ tell thee, by my vazen*,

That zometimes che² have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,³
As ich⁴ may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritie,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

15

35

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55

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes;
'Twas merry, sayd the people,
And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine, And choul'd' that well ye knewe, Ich care not for the bible booke; Tis too big to be true. For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham¹ zure they were not von That made the masse, che Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, And vools no Latine know Were not our fathers wise mand they did like it well; Who very much rejoyced To heare the zacring bell is

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophe As I may say to thee, Have wisht the light that yo And could it never see: For what art thou the better A Latin song to heare, And understandest nothing, That they sing in the quie

BLIND IGNORANCE.	289
IGNORANCE. O hold thy peace, che pray thee,	
The noise was passing trim To heare the vriers zinging, As we did enter in;	90
And then to zee the rood-loft Zo bravely zet with zaints;— But now to zee them wandring My heart with zorrow vaints.	95
Truth.	
The Lord did give commandment, No image thou shouldst make, Nor that unto idolatry You should your self betake: The golden calf of Israel Moses did therefore spoile; And Baal's priests and temple Were brought to utter foile.	100
IGNORANCE. But our lady of Walsinghame Was a pure and holy zaint, And many men in pilgrimage	105
Did shew to her complaint. Yea with zweet Thomas Becket, And many other moe: The holy maid of Kent* likewise Did many wonders zhowe.	110

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure;
And to the men that made them So precious and so pure;

115

^{*} By name Eliz. Barton, executed Apr. 21, 1534. Stow, p. 570.

Yea, yea, it is no matte Dispraise them how But zure they did much Would they were win We had our holy water And holy bread likes And many holy relique We zaw before our e

TRUTH.

And all this while they
With vain and empty
Which never Christ con
As learned doctors k
Search then the holy so
And thou shalt plain
That headlong to damn
They alway trained to

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellc As thou dost zay to Unto my heavenly fade Alone then will I flee Believing in the Gospe And passion of his z And with the zubtil par

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

HE story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster: why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the *Wandering Jew*; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*. See also the *Turkish Spy*, vol. ii. book 3, let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at

ever, suggests that it took its rise in a grand and in which the Hebrew race were personified un the Everlasting Wanderer. Professor Child ma pertinent remark in his English and Scottish app. 78). "It will be noticed that in the second for the punishment of perpetual existence, which givenames, Judæus non mortalis, Ewiger Jude, is aggedemnation to incessant change of place, which a corresponding name, Wandering Jew, Juif Erro In the Middle Ages it was supposed by some

In the Middle Ages it was supposed by some Wandering Jew, but the Mahometan belief was t who, during the absence of Moses, enticed the the golden calf. In G. Weil's *The Bible, the Kimud*, 1846 (p. 127), we read, "Moses then sumn would have put him to death instantly, but Alla should be sent into banishment. Ever since the like a wild beast throughout the world; everyor purifies the ground on which his feet have stood whenever he approaches men, exclaims, 'Touch n in Buckle's *Common Place Book. Works*, vol. ii.

The legend has been localized in various parts connected with other myths. According to Mi similar curse to that under which the Wanderi supposed to have been inflicted upon the gips their refusal to shelter the Virgin and Child Egypt.

The last recorded appearance of the Wand Brussels in April, 1774, and the wanderer's Laquedem. The name of the Hamburgh imabove by Percy, was Ahasuerus.

HEN as in faire Jerusalem Our Saviour Christ did live, And for the sins of all the worlde His own deare life did give: The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes Did dailye him molest, That never till he left his life, Our Saviour could not rest. When they had crown'd his head with thornes, And scourg'd him to disgrace, In scornfull sort they led him forthe Unto his dying place; Where thousand thousands in the streete Beheld him passe along, Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15 That pityed this his wrong. Both old and young reviled him, As in the streete he wente, And nought he found but churlish tauntes, By every ones consente: 20 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe, A burthen far too great, Which made him in the street to fainte. With blood and water sweat. 25

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

Left wife and children, house and And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the blo
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'c
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe;
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne,
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he

From place to place, but cannot rest For seeing countries newe; Declaring still the power of him, Whereas he comes or goes, And of all things done in the east, Since Christ his death, he showes.	70
The world he hath still compast round And seene those nations strange, That hearing of the name of Christ, Their idol gods doe change: To whom he hath told wondrous thinges Of time forepast, and gone, And to the princes of the worlde Declares his cause of moane:	75
Desiring still to be dissolv'd, And yeild his mortal breath; But, if the Lord hath thus decreed, He shall not yet see death. For neither lookes he old nor young, But as he did those times, When Christ did suffer on the crosse For mortall sinners crimes.	85
He hath past through many a foreigne place Arabia, Egypt, Africa, Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace, And throughout all Hungaria. Where Paul and Peter preached Christ, Those blest apostles deare; There he hath told our Saviours wordes, In countries far, and neare.	90 95
And lately in Bohemia, With many a German towne; And now in Flanders, as tis thought, He wandreth up and downe:	100

Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor s
But weepe and make great moa
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone:
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

If you had seene his death, saith As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times wou
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.
These are his wordes and eke his
Whereas he comes or goes.



IV.

THE LYE,

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

S found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie divided into sixe books...

The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608,* the other in 1611.† So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's Life of Sir W. Raleigh, p. 173, fol.

[Hallam asserted that this favourite poem had been ascribed to Raleigh without evidence and without probability. Ritson affirmed that F. Davison was the author, and Ellis supported the claims of Joshua Sylvester, but Dr. Hannah has proved conclusively that it was really written by Raleigh. It was certainly composed before 1608, and probably about the period of its author's marriage and his consequent imprisonment in the Tower. Dr. Hannah has brought together a large amount of illustrative evidence in his interesting edition of the *Courtly Poets* (1872), and he shows that the answerers of the poem attributed it to Raleigh. One of the answers commences as follows—

"Go, echo of the mind, a careless truth protest; Make answer that rude Rawly no stomach can digest."

He also draws attention to a transcript of the poem among the Chetham MSS., made not long after Raleigh's death, and signed "Wa. Raleigh."

In that remarkable book, Sylvester's Remains, printed at the end of the translation of Du Bartas, 1641, The Soules Errand is inserted with some poor additional verses.

^{*} Catalog. of T. Rawlinson, 1727.

[†] Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.

18

OE, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,

But vary by esteeming;

THE LYE.

299

VERSES BY

Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,	
And stand too much on seeming:	
If arts and schooles reply,	6
Give arts and schooles the lye.	

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;	
Tell how the countrey erreth;	
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;	
Tell, vertue least preferreth:	
And, if they doe reply,	
Spare not to give the lye.	

So, when thou hast, as I	
Commanded thee, done blabbing,	
Although to give the lye	7.
Deserves no less than stabbing,	4.0
Yet stab at thee who will,	
No stab the soule can kill.	

[James I. commenced the practice of poetry at an early age, and his first book was printed at Edinburgh by T. Vautroullier, in 1584, under the title of *The Essays of a Prentise in the divine art of Poesie*. The king's next poetical venture was entitled, *His Majesty's Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*. Printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Waldegrave, printer to the King's Majesty in 1591.]

A Sonnet addressed by King James to his son Prince Henry.

From K. James's works in folio: Where is also printed another called his Majesty's own Sonnet; it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was not his Majesty's own Sonnet.

For on his throne his scepter do they swey:

And as their subjects ought them to obey, So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in HIS sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie king divine.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

Sonnet occasioned by the bad Weather which hindred the Sports at Newmarket in January 1616.

nis is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: re also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this ret, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember ave seen.

OW cruelly these catives do conspire?

What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band

Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land,*

at melancholy old and angry sire,

d him, who wont to quench debate and ire

Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?†

But now his double face is still dispos'd,
th Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth are covered with a cheet of crow

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

HE common popular ballad of King John and the Abbot seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, King John and the Bishop of Canterbury. The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be

reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which

will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), intitled, King Olfrey and the Abbot.* Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning King Henry and a Bishop, with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find, When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

[All the copies of this ballad are of late date, but Mr. Chappell says that the story upon which it is founded can be traced back to the fifteenth century, and Dr. Rimbault so traces it to the Adventures of Howleglas, printed in the Lower Saxon dialect in 1483. Wynkyn de Worde printed in 1511 a collection of riddles translated from the French, with the title Demaundes Joyous, which are like those propounded by King John to the Abbot. Prof. Child points out that by this link the ballad is connected with a tolerably large literature of wit combats of the middle ages. (See English and Scottish Ballads, vol. viii. p. 3.)

Copies of the puritan ballad referred to above are in the Pepys, Douce, and Roxburghe collections. It commences as follows—

^{*} See the collection of *Hist. Ballads*, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes *Olfrey* to be a corruption of *Alfred*, in his pamphlet concerning the *White Horse* in Berkshire, p. 15.

K. JOHN AND THE

"In Popish times, when bishops proud In England did bear sway, Their lordships did like princes live, And kept all at obey."

The ballad entitled King John and Bishoppe, in the folio MS. to ich Percy refers, is printed at the end of the following ballad.]

he following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

N ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king
John;

And he ruled England with maine and with might,

or he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

nd Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye, oncerning the Abbot of Canterburye; ow for his house-keeping, and high renowne, ney rode poste for him to fair London towne.

35

40

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe, And now for the same thou needest must dye; For except thou canst answer me questions three, Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, With my crowne of golde so faire on my head, Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe, Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole worlde about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt, Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet: But if you will give me but three weekes space, Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give, And that is the longest time thou hast to live; For if thou dost not answer my questions three, Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word, And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford; But never a doctor there was so wise, That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good king John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give; That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

306 K. JOHN AND THE

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

55

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet, That a fool he may learn a wise man witt? Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel, And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

"Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier and miter and rochet and cope

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel*, 1 did not think I had been worth so littel!

Now secondly tell me, without any doubt, How soone I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same, Until the next morning he riseth againe; 90 And then your grace need not make any doubt, But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone, I did not think, it could be gone so soone!

Now from the third question thou must not shrinke, But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry: You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury; But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see, That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse, Ille make thee lord abbot this day in his place! "Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede, For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

[•] Meaning probably St. Botolph.

m England was borne, with maine and with hee did much wrong, and mainteined litle ri

this noble prince was vexed in veretye, for he was angry with the bishopp of canterb ffor his house-keeping and his good cheere, the rode post for him, as you shall heare;

they rode post for him very hastilye; the King sayd the bishopp kept a better hou a 100 men euen, as I say, the Bishopp kept in his house euerye day,

and 50 gold chaines without any doubt, in veluett coates waited the Bishopp about. the Bishopp, he came to the court anon before his prince that was called King Iohn.

as soone as the Bishopp the King did see, "O," quoth the King, "Bishopp, thou art we there is noe man soe welcome to towne as thou that workes treason against my crown

- "My leege," quoth the Bishopp, "I wold it v I spend, your grace, nothing but that thats m I trust your grace will doe me noe deare for spending my owne trew gotten geere."
- "Yes," quoth the King, "Bishopp, thou must eccept thou can answere mee questions 3, thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy body, and all thy living remayne vnto mee.
- "first," quoth the King, "tell me in this stea with this crowne of gold heere vpon my head

ABBOT OF CANTERBURY. 309

and thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte, what is the thing, Bishopp, that I doe thinke. 20 dayes pardon thoust haue trulye, and come againe and answere mee."	36
the Bishopp bade the King 'god night' att a word. he rode betwixt Cambridge and Oxenford, but neuer a Doctor there was soe wise cold shew him these questions or enterprise;	40
wherewith the Bishopp was nothing gladd, but in his hart was heavy and sadd, and hyed him home to a house in the countrye To ease some part of his Melanchollye.	44
his halfe brother dwelt there, was feirce & fell, noe better but a shepard to the Bishoppe him-sell; the shepard came to the Bishopp anon, saying, "my Lord, you are welcome home!	48
what ayles you," quoth the shepard, "that you are soe sadd, and had wonte to haue beene soe merry & gladd?" "Nothing," quoth the Bishopp, "I ayle att this time, will not thee availe to know, Brother mine."	52
"Brother," quoth the Shepeard, "you haue heard itt, that a ffoole may teach a wisemane witt; say me therfore what-soeuer you will, and if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you noe ill."	56
Quoth the Bishop: "I have beene att thy court anon, before my prince is called King Iohn, and there he hath charged mee against his crowne with traitorye;	6 0
if I cannot answer his misterye, 3 questions hee hath propounded to mee, he will haue my Land soe faire and free, and alsoe the head from my bodye.	64
the first question was, 'to tell him in that stead with the crowne of gold vpon his head, amongst his nobilitye with Ioy & much mirth, to lett him know within one penye what hee is worth;'	63
and secondlye 'to tell him with-out any doubt how soone he may goe the whole world about;' and thirdlye, 'to tell him, or ere I stint, what is the thing that he does thinke.'"	72

Ile to the court, this matter to stay; Ile speake with King Iohn & heare what her

the Bishopp with speed prepared then to sett forth the shepard with horsse and ma the shepard was liuely with-out any doubt; I wott a royall companye came to the court.

the shepard hee came to the court anon before (his) prince that was called King Ioh as soone as the king the shepard did see, "O," quoth the king, "Bishopp, thou art w

the shepard was soe like the Bishopp his br the King cold not know the one from the o Quoth the King, "Bishopp, thou art welcon if thou can answer me my questions 3!"

said the shepeard, "if it please your grace, show mee what the first quest[i]on was." "first" quoth the king, "tell mee in this ste with the crowne of gold vpon my head,

amongst my nobilitye with Ioy and much n within one pennye what I am worth."

Quoth the shepard, "to make your grace not thinke you are worth 29 pence;

for our Lord Iesus, that bought vs all, for 30 pence was sold into thrall amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you doe but I know christ was one penye better the

then the King laught, and swore by St Anche was not thought to bee of such a small 'Secondlye, tell mee with-out any doubt 'scope I 'v goe the world round about

and this your grace shall proue the same— you are come to the same place from whence you came; 24 houres, with-out any doubt, your grace may the world goe round about;	116
the world round about, euen as I doe say, if with the sun you can goe the next way." "and thirdlye tell me or euer I stint, what is the thing, Bishoppe, that I doe thinke."	120
"that shall I doe," quoth the shepeard, "for veretye you thinke I am the Bishopp of Canterburye," "why? art not thou? the truth tell to me; for I doe thinke soe," quoth the king, "by St. Marye."	124
"not soe," quoth the shepeard; "the truth shalbe knowne, I am his poore shepeard; my brother is att home." "why," quoth the King, "if itt soe bee, Ile make thee Bishopp here to mee."	128
"Noe Sir" quoth the shepard, "I pray you be still, for Ile not bee Bishop but against my will; for I am not fitt for any such deede, for I can neither write nor reede."	132
"why then," quoth the king, "Ile giue thee cleere a patten of 300 pound a yeere; that I will giue thee franke and free; take thee that, shepard, for coming to me:	136
free pardon Ile giue," the kings grace said, "to saue the Bishopp, his land and his head; with him nor thee Ile be nothing wrath; here is the pardon for him and thee both."	140
then the shepard he had noe more to say, but tooke the pardon and rode his way. when he came to the Bishopps place, the Bishopp asket anon how all things was:	144
"Brother," quoth the Shepard, "I haue well sped, for I haue saued both your Land & your head; the King with you is nothing wrath, for heere is the pardon for you and mee both."	148
then the Bishopes hart was of a merry cheere, "brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare, for I will giue thee a patent to thee & to thine of 50" a yeere land good and fine."	152

whereeuer wist you shepara gett cleare 350 ". pound a yeere?

I neuer hard of his fellow before, nor I neuer shall. now I need to say no I neuer knew shepeard that gott such a l But David the shepeard that was a King.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAU?

Knight, on that amiable Princess, I of James I. and wife of the Electure was chosen King of Bohemia, Section 1982 and wall be seen to be seen t

consequences of this fatal election are well k Wotton, who in that and the following year several embassies in Germany on behalf of this seems to have had an uncommon attachmen fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thowas presented to him by the Emperor, "becauenemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bol Britan.

This song is printed from the Reliquia Wot some corrections from an old MS. copy.

[This elegant little poem in praise of the (who was called by those who knew her and sweetness, spirit, wit, and unselfishness—the Quantum of the unfort

Chorus of 5 and 6 Parts; apt for Violls and Voyces: newly composed by Michaell Est, Bachelor of Musicke, and Master of the Choristers of the Cathedrall Church in Litchfield," London, 1624, 4to. It is printed in Wit's Recreations, 1640, and Wit's Interpreter, 1671, and in "Songs and Fancies to severall Musicall parts, both apt for Voices and Viols," Aberdeen, 1682. Alterations were made in the various copies, and in the latter book a wretched second part, quite out of harmony with the original, was added. It has found its way, with some variations, among Montrose's poems (see Napier's Life of Montrose, 1856, Appendix, p. xl.), and Robert Chambers (ignorant of the Englishman Sir Henry Wotton's claim to the authorship) actually printed it in his Scottish Songs (vol. ii. p. 631) as if "written by Darnley in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary before their marriage."

Percy, while copying from the *Reliquia Wottoniana*, 1651, transposed stanzas 2 and 3. In Abp. Sancroft's MS. (Tanner, 465, fol. 43) the following verses occur as stanzas 4 and 6 of the whole poem:—

"You rubies, that do gems adorn,
And sapphires with your azure hue
Like to the skies, or blushing morn,
How pale's your brightness in our view
When diamonds are mixed with you.

"The rose, the violet, all the spring Unto her breath, for sweetness run; The diamond's dark'ned in the ring If she appear, the moon's undone, As in the presence of the Sun."]

OU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number, than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

In sweetnesse of her looks and mind By virtue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COU

HIS excellent old song, the subject of wiparison between the manners of the old subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, ar refinements affected by their sons in the successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancie copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a bo

Prince d'amour, or The Prince of Love, 1660, 8vo.

[This was one of the most popular of old songs, in his Preface to the Art of Cookery places it by the Chase as one of the ballads to be hung up over the piece in the homes of old British hospitality. It is broadside in nearly all the collections, and appears printed for the first time in the reign of James I. by Pepys notices it in his Diary under the date 16th "Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth's, and how he was tooming in of the King, did ples me mightily, a

burden, "moderation and alteration," and finally it has been again revived in the present century, with still greater alterations, under

the title of The Old English Gentleman.

Mr. Chappell has the following note on the object of the song:— "Southey remarks very justly on the complaints of the decay of hospitality, that 'while rents were received in kind they must have been chiefly consumed in kind; at least there could be no accumulation of disposable wealth.' He supposes this mode of payment to have fallen generally into disuse during the reign of James I. Without doubt, many of the poor would feel the change." Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii. p. 778.]



N old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had
a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful

rate.

And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate; Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages; They every quarter paid their old servants their wages, And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,

But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and

badges;

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books, With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks, And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks:

Like an old courtier, &c.

And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his co Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse To call in all his old neighbours with ba drum,

With good chear enough to furnish every And old liquor able to make a cat speak dumb.

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a hounds,

That never hawked, nor hunted, but is grounds,

grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself with bounds,

And when he dyed gave every child a thou pounds;

Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he Charging him in his will to keep the old mind,

To be good to his old tenants, and to his is be kind:

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,

And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land, And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare, Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air, And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair:

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets, and plays, And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays, With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys:

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on, On a new journey to London straight we all must begone, With a gen ma usue, whose our at.

With a ne or h footmen, and pag

With a waiti ;-ge itlewoman, whose dreineat,

Who when her lady has din'd, lets the seat;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with old gold,

For which sundry of his ancestors old sold;

And this is the course most of our new g Which makes that good house-keeping is so cold,

Among the young courtiers of Or the king's young courtiers.

· IX.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAM

H the Scottish c enanters rose u au ced to the E i borders in ed the king

the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." (Lloyd's *Memoirs*.) When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, Musarum delicia: or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. (Sir John Mennis) and Ja. S. (James Smith.) Lond. 1656, 12mo.—(See Wood's Athena. ii. 397, 418.) In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.:—

"But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase His money, which lately he spent-a, But his lost honour must lye still in the dust; At Barwick away it went-a."

[This song is a parody of the famous old song, John Dory, commencing:—

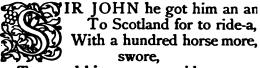
"As it fell on a holiday
And upon a holytide-a
John Dory bought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride-a."

Suckling's satirical powers made him peculiarly odious to the Parliamentarians, as they were turned against them, and consequently Mennis's lampoon was a great favourite with the Roundheads. In Le Prince d'Amour, 1660, there is a song Upon Sir John Suckling's 100 Horse, and the following are two of the seven stanzas of which it consists:—

"I tell thee, Jack, thou gav'st the king So rare a present, that nothing Could welcomer have been; A hundred horse! beshrew my heart, It was a brave heroic part, The like will scarce be seen. "For ev'ry horse shall have on's back A man as valiant as Sir Jack, Although not half so witty: Yet I did hear the other day Two tailors made seven run away Good faith, the more's the pity."

troop "within these that mestic,) 1638-9, p. 378.) 1 greater disgrace at

' (Calendar of ...
was badly con
ig's troop than



To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you'ld habook,

Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole arma

The ladies ran all to the windows to so So gallant and warlike a sight-a, And as he pass'd by, they said with a Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on; His heart would not relent-a, For, till he came there, what had he to Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singul:

25

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

X.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

HIS excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colone, Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate, house, Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from

the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athena, vol. ii. p. 228, and Lysons' Environs of London, vol. ii. p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after

Ver. 22. John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's Dict.

from it (ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. ī. p. 17), be seen that they are of little value. The mexquisite of prison songs was composed by the co Wilson, and first printed (according to Dr. Rimba Ayres or Ballads set for three Voices, Oxford, 166

Lucasta (=Lux casta, Lucy Sacheverell), misl. Lovelace had died of his wounds received at D manding a regiment of his own forming in t French king, married another lover.

French king, married another lover.

Although doubtless Lovelace die

Although doubtless Lovelace died in great hope that Wood's account of his extreme pove for his daughter and sole heir married the son of Coke, and brought to her husband the estate Kingsdown in Kent.]

HEN love with unconfine
Hovers within my gate
And my divine Althea be
To whisper at my grate

When I lye tangled in her haire, And fetter'd with her eye, The birds that wanton in the aire Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly ro With no allaying Thames, Our carelesse heads with roses of Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe, When healths and draughts goe free, Fishes, that tipple in the deepe, Know no such libertie.	t 5
When, linnet-like, confined I With shriller note shall sing The mercye, sweetness, majestye, And glories of my king; When I shall voyce aloud how good He is, how great should be, Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood, Know no such libertie.	20
Stone walls doe not a prison make, Nor iron barres a cage, Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take That for an hermitage: If I have freedom in my love,	2 5
And in my soule am free, Angels alone, that soare above, Enjoy such libertie.	30

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

HARING-CROSS, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such a one wherever the herse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its 'structure, nor the noble design

[Ver. 13. thirsty soules, MS. V. 14. when cupps and bowles goe free. V.19. the mercy, goodnesse, maiestye. V. 20. glory. V. 23. curles the floods. V. 27. the spotlesse soule and inocent. V. 28. Calls this an. V. 31. sores. V. 32. enjoyes. The second and third stanzas are transposed in the MS.]

1 Rich. C; red death Jul

ocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheapside cn s were voted down," &c.—But this Vote extion with regard to Charing Cross till for app from Lilly's Observations on the Life, & viz.—Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down July, and August. Part of the Stones were concerned whitehall. I have seen Knife-hafts made stones, which, being well-polished, looked like map. 18, 12mo.

[In Laud's Diary it is written, "1643 Maii

cross in Cheapside taken down."]

See an Account of the pulling down Cheapsi Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

[Charing Cross was the largest and most beautof Eleanor crosses, and the architects employed in of it were paid £450. The work was forme Cavalini, but that artist was not born until the was therefore about eleven years old when the Quantity the publication of the very interesting rolls of paym executors of Queen Eleanor (Manners and House England in the 13th and 15th centuries. Roxbur, it has been known that Charing Cross was commede Crundale and completed, after his death, by dale.

The site of the old cross was made use of as a tion, and several of the regicides were put to deat

The Cheapside cross, which was taken down third which occupied the site, and it had only been The original cross was found to be in a bad co and a new one was therefore commenced, which

NDONE, undone the lawyers are, They wander about the towne, Nor can find the way to Westminster, Now Charing-cross is downe: At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, Swearing they are at a loss, And chaffing say, that's not the way, They must go by Charing-cross. The parliament to vote it down Conceived it very fitting, 10 For fear it should fall, and kill them all, In the house, as they were sitting. They were told god-wot, it had a plot, Which made them so hard-hearted, To give command, it should not stand, 15 But be taken down and carted. Men talk of plots, this might have been worse For any thing I know, Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner, Were hang'd for long agoe. 20 Our parliament did that prevent, And wisely them defended, For plots they will discover still, Before they were intended. But neither man, woman, nor child, 25 Will say, I'm confident, They ever heard it speak one word Against the parliament. An informer swore, it letters bore, Or else it had been freed; 10 I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath, It could neither write, nor read.

To think you'll leave them ne'er a c Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always sto
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

XII.

LOYALTY CONFINE

HIS ex lent old song is preserved

r of those that suffered in the

1 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks
pron f a worthy personage, who
in the speaks pron f a worthy personage, who
is still living with no other
g suffered. The author's
l, range.—Some mistakes in
two others

two others

of those that suffered in the
speaks
pron f a worthy personage, who
is still living with no other
g suffered. The author's
for a choice (figure and Poen)

or of those that suffered in the
speaks
pron f a worthy personage, who
is still living with no other
f a worthy personage, who
is speaks
pron f a worthy personage, who
is speak

[7] . in of this to I Tratement is it

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EAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's
roof;

That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm; 5
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

28 LOYALTY CONFINED.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up, Like some high-prized margarite,¹ Or, like the great mogul or pope, Am cloyster'd up from publick sight: Retiredness is a piece of majesty, And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.	35
Here sin for want of food must starve, Where tempting objects are not seen; And these strong walls do only serve To keep vice out, and keep me in: Malice of late's grown charitable sure, 'm not committed, but am kept secure.	40
So he that struck at Jason's life,* Thinking t' have made his purpose sure, By a malicious friendly knife Did only wound him to a cure: Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.	45
When once my prince affliction hath, Prosperity doth treason seem;	50

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

"HIS prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle (in 1648). The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. i. It is in his Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton, p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled, Majesty in Miscry: or An Imploration to the King of Kings.

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the

sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them

REAT monarch of the world power springs The potency and power of k Record the royal woe my suf

And teach my tongue, that ever did coll Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, To track the treasons of thy foes and n

Nature and law, by thy divine decree, (The only root of righteous royaltie) With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe The holy unction, and the royal globe: Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread Upon my grief, my grey discrowned he Are those that owe my bounty for their

They raise a war, and christen it THE C While sacrilegious hands have best app Plunder and murder are the kingdom's

Tyranny bears the title of taxation, Revenge and robbery are reformation, Oppression gains the name of sequestra

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I. 331

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, Pious episcopacy must go down, They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed, Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed, The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster, The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor, Extempore excludes the Paternoster.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier: With such a bloody method and behaviour Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

40

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Great Britain's heir is forced into France, Whilst on his father's head his foes advance: Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound, In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd: So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem, To make me great, t' advance my diadem, If I will first fall down, and worship them! 10 prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I, They are allow'd to answer ere they die 'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I we Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to Such, as thou know'st do not know what

For since they from their lord are so disj As to contemn those edicts he appointed How can they prize the power of his and

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate, Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCE

XIV.

THE SALE OF REBELLIC HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

HIS sarcastic exultation of triumphant loys from an old black-letter copy in the Per corrected by two others, one of which is A choice ection of 120 loyal songs, &-c. 1

15

20

"Says old Sir Symon the King, Says old Sir Symon the King, With his threadbare clothes And his malmsey nose Sing hey ding, ding a ding, ding."]

EBELLION hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well:

Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeeke higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

To uphoid the Independent pl Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beesom of Reformatio
Which should have made clear
But it swept the wealth out of the
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning
Which spun for the ropers trac
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair three
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve,
Which once was a justice of per
Who Noll and the Devil did serv
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco.
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smacl
And I'll tell you how they did r

Yet the ashes may happily serve To cure the scab of the nation, Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve To Rebellion by innovation. A Lanthorn here is to be bought, The like was scarce ever gotten, For many plots it has found out Before they ever were thought on. Says old Simon, &c. Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle, With which it jocky'd the nation? And here is the bitt, and the bridle, And curb of Dissimulation: And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP, And their fair dissembling cloak, And a Presbyterian jump, With an Independent smock. Says old Simon, &c. Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd, Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd: But Hell will buy that if the worst is. Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers, With which old Noll's horns she did rub, When he was got drunk with false bumpers. Says old Simon, &c.	'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt Up with the Abjuration oath; And many of them, that have took't, Complain it was foul in the mouth. Says old Simon, &c.	60
With which it jocky'd the nation? And here is the bitt, and the bridle, And curb of Dissimulation: And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP, And their fair dissembling cloak, And a Presbyterian jump, With an Independent smock. Says old Simon, &c. Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd, Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd: But Hell will buy that if the worst is. Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers, With which old Noll's horns she did rub, When he was got drunk with false bumpers.	To cure the scab of the nation, Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve To Rebellion by innovation. A Lanthorn here is to be bought, The like was scarce ever gotten, For many plots it has found out Before they ever were thought on.	
Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd: But Hell will buy that if the worst is. Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers, With which old Noll's horns she did rub, When he was got drunk with false bumpers.	With which it jocky'd the nation? And here is the bitt, and the bridle, And curb of Dissimulation: And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP, And their fair dissembling cloak, And a Presbyterian jump, With an Independent smock.	
	Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd: But Hell will buy that if the worst is. Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers, With which old Noll's horns she did rub, When he was got drunk with false bumpers	s.

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with

Cramm'd with the tumultuous
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing
And here are his dray, and his
Here are Hewson's awl, and his I
With diverse other odd things
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye!
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, &c.

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OF POLICY.



IVEN (with some corrections) from a collated with two printed ones in Roll the Pepys collection.

[There are several versions of this story, but the Mr. Chappell is the one printed by Ritson in (vol. ii. ed. 1829, p. 54), beginning—

exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used houshold, &c. See G. A. Mag. for March 1788

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"Yonder comes a courteous knight,"

with the burden, Then she sang Downe a downe, hey downe derry. It is from Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks melodie or melodious Musicke, London, 1609. Others are in Pills to purge Melancholy (iii. 1707, or v. 1719), and in A Complete Collection of old and new English and Scotch Songs, 8vo., 1735. The copy in the Roxburghe collection is entitled The Politick Maid, beginning "There was a knight was wine dronke." Ritson says, "Bp. Percy found the subject worthy of his best improvements."]



HERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, Among the grass lye down-a: And I will have a special care Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
My gowne, and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red, Upon the ground I'll throwe it; Then, lady faire, come lay thy head; We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free Among the cocks of hay, sir; And if the pinner' should chance to see, He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Is made of finest gold-a;
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

^{[1} pinder or impounder of cattle.]

Again she met with her angry Which made this lady griev

False lady, here thou'rt in my 'And no one now can hear the And thou shalt sorely rue the That e'er thou dar'dst to jee

I pray, sir knight, be not so wa With a young silly maid-a: I vow and swear I thought no 'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a

A gentle jest, in soothe! he cr To tumble me in and leave i What if I had in the river dy'd That fetch will not deceive n

Once more I'll pardon thee this Tho' injur'd out of measure; But then prepare without delay To yield thee to my pleasure

Well then, if I must grant your Yet think of your boots and Let me pull off both spur and I Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the gra

Then pulling off his boots half-way; Sir knight, now I'm your betters: You shall not make of me your prey; Sit there like a knave in fetters.	
The knight when she had served soe, He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled: For he could neither stand nor goe, But like a cripple tumbled.	125
Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten, Yet do not move nor stir, sir: I'll send you my father's serving men, To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.	130
This merry jest you must excuse, You are but a stingless nettle: You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, Had you been a man of mettle.	- 35
All night in grievous rage he lay, Rolling upon the plain-a; Next morning a shepherd past that way, Who set him right again-a.	140
Then mounting upon his steed so tall, By hill and dale he swore-a: I'll ride at once to her father's hall; She shall escape no more-a.	
I'll take her father by the beard, I'll challenge all her kindred; Each dastard soul shall stand affeard; My wrath shall no more be hindred.	145
He rode unto her father's house, Which every side was moated: The lady heard his furious vows, And all his vengeance noted.	150

She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me
Henceforth I'll love you dea

My father he is now from hom And I am all alone, sir: Therefore a-cross the water con And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more I scorn the treacherous baitIf thou would'st have me thee Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate.

My father he has the keys, s

But I have for my love prepar'.

A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plar Full seventeen feet in measu: Then step a-cross to the other l And there we'll take our plea

These words she had no sooner
But strait he came tripping o
The plank was saw'd, it snappin
And sous'd the unhappy love

5

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XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

ROM Sir John Suckling's *Poems*. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this Book.

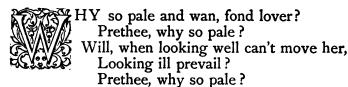
[This celebrated song occurs in the tragedy of Aglaura, where it is sung by Orsames, a young lord, who says—"It is a little foolish counsel I gave a friend of mine four or five years ago when he was

falling into a consumption."

Dr. Rimbault (Musical Illustrations, p. 29) writes, "The original air is here given from a MS. volume of old songs with the music, temp. Charles II. in the collection of the Editor. It was originally in the Library at Staunton Harold, Leicestershire, the seat of Earl Ferrers. This beautiful lyric was sung by Mrs. Cross in the Mock Astrologer, to an air composed by Lewis Ramondon. It was afterwards reset by Dr. Arne."

The date of the poet's birth given above is incorrect. Suckling was baptized on the tenth of February, 1608-9, and his mother died in 1613. Reduced in fortune and an alien, he died of poison bought by him of an apothecary at Paris. The date of his death is not known, but it probably took place in 1641, and he certainly

was dead before the year 1642 had ended.]



Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

XVII.

OLD TOM OF BEDI

MAD SONG THE FIRST

T is worth attention, that the Engli and ballads on the subject of matheir neighbours. Whether there insinuation, that we are more liab

than other nations, or that our native gloomir recommended subjects of this cast to our write not find the same in the printed collections

Songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have se mad songs for these volumes. The three fit their respective kinds; the merit of the three of imitation. They were written at considerabl but we have here grouped them together, that better examine their comparative merits. He as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar sub of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulyst were probably written about the beginning of the third about the middle of it; the fourth and end; and the fifth within this present century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. c or three old printed copies.—With regard to the rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3, of angling, which the author says was made a Mr. William Basse, one that has made the c

often shammed. These "mad rascals" were so numerous a class that they obtained the distinctive names of Bedlam beggars, and Abraham men. Dekker describes their tricks in his Bellman of London, 1616, where he says, "he calls himself by the name of Poor Tom, and coming near any body, cries out, 'Poor Tom is a cold;'" the very expression used by Edgar when he appears in the disguise of a madman (King Lear). Mr. Chappell observes that there is great uncertainty as to the authorship, for there are so many Tom of Bedlam songs that it is impossible to determine from the passage in the Complete Angler to which of them Walton refers. It is also doubtful to whom we are indebted for the tune. Mr. Chappell thinks that probably it was by Henry Lawes's master, John Cooper, called Cuperario after his visit to Italy. It has been attributed, without authority, to Henry Purcell and Henry Lawes.



ORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule; Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle! Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me he spyed, Away he hyed, For time will stay for no man:

15

[1 five tenses.]

[[]Ver. 2. or not in MS. V. 4. can ease. V. 5. ffeare & dispayre pursue. V. 7. and not in MS. V. 9. through woods. V. 11. I found out time. V. 13. he spyes. V. 14. he fflyes. V. 15. for not in MS.]

The carman 'gins to whistle; Chast Diana bends her bowe, The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with To knocke off my troublesome sha Bid Charles make ready his waine To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bandars met Venus in the darke; Limping Vulcan het an iron barr, And furiouslye made at the god of

Mars with his weapon laid about, But Vulcan's temples had the gout For his broad horns did so hang in He could not see to aim his blowes

Mercurye the nimble post of heave Stood still to see the quarrell; Gorrel-bellyed² Bacchus, gyant-like, Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke, I did him thanke, But I could get no cyder;

[Ver. 17. hee ren V. 18. for not in MS. V.: V. 28. mv five sen V. 27. heater V. 27.

0	LI	7	OM	OF	BEL	DLAM.
_		_	~	~ ~		

He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

45

347

Poore naked Tom is very drye: A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

50

The man in the moone drinkes clarret, Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret, But a cup of old Malaga sack Will fire the bushe at his backe.

55

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,



AS written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.

[This song was printed in Le Prince d'Amour, 1660, with three other songs entitled Tom of Bedlam. It was also printed in the Rump Songs, 1662, but not in the edition of 1660.

The copy in the folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, vol. iii. p. 269) has several alterations. Stanza 5 was taken by Percy from the MS., where it occurs as stanza 8.

Richard Corbet, successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, was born at Ewell in Surrey in 1582. He died in 1635. He was a humorous man, and many pleasant stories are told of him, but Aubrey describes his appearance as "grave and venerable."

Boldly I preach, hateac:
Mitres, copes, and r
Come hear me pray ni
And fill your heads

In the house of pure Emanue I had my education,
Where my friends surmise I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam
They lash'd my four poor qua
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer Through antichrist's perswasic

^{*} Emanuel college, Cambridge, was ori Puritans.

[[]Fuller has left us the following anecdote c the founder of Emanuel, in his *History of the U* "Coming to court after he had founded his chim. 'Sir Walter, I have you have a second of the country of th

Take off this chain,

35

40

45

Neither Rome nor Spain Can resist my strong invasion. Boldly I preach, &c. Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!) 25 I have knock'd off three already; If they let me alone I'll leave him none: But they say I am too heady. Boldly I preach, &c. When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30 I met the great red dragon; I kept him aloof With the armour of proof, Though here I have never a rag on. Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, There fought I with this monster: But the sons of pride My zeal deride, And all my deeds misconster.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, With the lance of Inspiration; I made her slink, And spill the drink In her cup of abomination. Boldly I preach, &c.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision With a flying-book* between them.

Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen

The black line of damnation;
Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

in Wood's Athen. vol. ii. p. 501. He was autitited, The Fiery Flying Roll: and afterwards cantation, part of whose title is, The Fiery Fi clipt, &c.

clipt, &c.

* See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particutitled, A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience

[Richard Greenham was born circa 1531 and was a singularly ardent preacher, and Brook, Puritans, says, that "in addition to his public the had a remarkable talent for comforting affli His Works were first collected in 1599.]

† See Perkin's Works, fol. 1616, vol. i. p. 11 half sheet folded, containing, A survey, or table, of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c. the 1 tion being distinguished by a broad black zig-za

[William Perkins (1558-1602). Brook says of to pronounce the word de with so peculiar and

I appear'd before the archbishop,*

And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:

Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

XIX.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

S given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.

[Black-letter copies of this ballad are to be found in the Bagford, Douce, and Roxburghe collections, as well as in the Pepys. The tune was a favourite one, and several other ballads were sung to it.]

RIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.

Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

Abp. Laud.

And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and
I never shall see her more;
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complain
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;

THE LUNATIC	LOVER.
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353

45

50

55

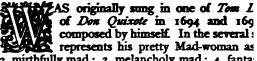
When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie:
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.

To the elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.





2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fanta: 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are 1 tey's Pills to purge Melancholy, 1719, vol. i.

ROM rosie bowers, where s
of love,
Hither ye little wanton cu
Teach me in soft melodiou
move

With tender passion my heart's darl Ah! let the soul of musick tune my vo To win dear Strephon, who my soul e

Or, if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
With a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celestial bodies:

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!

Death and despair must end the fatal pain:

Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,

Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;

My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow:

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown, Shall I thaw myself, and drown 25 Among the foaming billows? Increasing all with tears I shed, On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows, Lay down, lay down my lovesick head? No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad, 30 That soon my heart will warm; When once the sense is fled, is fled, Love has no power to charm. Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly, Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore! 35 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

AS written by *Henry Carey*, a celebrated composer of music at the beginning of this century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the *Companion to the Play-house*, &c. The sprightliness of this songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was



GO to the Elysian shade, Where sorrow ne'er shal Where nothing shall my re But joy shall still surrow

I fly from Celia's cold disdain, From her disdain I fly; She is the cause of all my pain, For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-d When he but half his radiant course. When his meridian glories gaily shine And gild all nature with a warmth di

> See yonder river's flowing tide, Which now so full appears; Those streams, that do so swiftly Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep And curst mine eyes, when they h store:

Then, like the clouds, that rob the az I've drain'd the flood to weep it back

Pity my pains,

THE DISTRACTED LOVER. 357

Furies, tear me,	25
Quickly bear me	
To the dismal shades below!	
Where yelling, and howling	
And grumbling, and growling	
Strike the ear with horrid woe.	30
Hissing snakes,	
Fiery lakes	
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:	
Not all the hells,	
Where Pluto dwells,	35
Can give such pain as I endure.	33
To some peaceful plain convey me,	
On a mossey carpet lay me,	
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,	

XXII.

Let me die, and so have ease!

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

HIS, like Num. XX., was originally sung in one of D'urfey's comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the Hive, a Collection of Songs, 4 vols. 1721, 12mo. where may be found two or three other Mad Songs not admitted into these Volumes.

Blow, blow, the winds' great ru Bring the Po, and the Gange 'Tis sultry weather, Pour them all on my soul, It will hiss like a coal, But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst an
And mourn now my fate,
Which myself did create:
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when

Adieu! ye vain transporting joy Off ye vain fantastic toys! That dress this face—this body— Bring me daggers, poison, fire! Since scorn is turn'd into desire All hell feels not the rage, which I, 1

XXIII.

LILLI BURLERO

HE following rhymes, slight and i now seem, had once a more

and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, *Lero, lero, liliburlero*, that made an impression on the (king's) army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never

had so slight a thing so great an effect."—Burnet.

It was written, or at least republished, on the earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by K. James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's State of the Protestants in Ireland, 1691, 4to.

This song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, intitled, A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Q. Elizabeth's birth-day, &-c. 3d ed. Lond. 1712, pr. 2d.—See p. 5, viz.—"A late Viceroy (of Ireland,) who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief invention, lying, and for making a certain Lilliburlero Song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out

of Three Kingdoms."

Lilliburlero and Bullen-a-lah are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

[To no song could be better attributed Fletcher of Saltoun's dictum than to this poor specimen of verse, which caught the fancy of the people and drove James from his throne. Macaulay wrote of it as follows:—"From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution, Sterne delineated with exquisite skill a veteran who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier is his trick of whistling Lilliburlero." The air is attributed to Purcell, but it is supposed that he only arranged an earlier tune. Hume thought that the popularity of the song was rather due to the composer of the air than to the author of the words.

Mr. Markland, in a note to Boswell's Life of Johnson, says, that "according to Lord Dartmouth there was a particular expression in it, which the king remembered that he had made use of to the

tather of the mad Duke Philip of Wharton. indications of the political horizon and espoused He was well rewarded for his wisdom. Mr. S. and Queries, third series, viii. 13) writes that h the girls in the south and south-east of Ireland, binding the corn into sheaves after the reapers, chorus, which always had reference to one of 1 not so quick at her work as the others, and who left behind:

" Lully by lero,
Lully by lero,
Lully by lero,
Help her along."]

O! broder Teague, dost hea Lilli burlero, bullen a-la. Dat we shall have a new de Lilli burlero burlen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, b Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbo Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troat Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do pra Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish kno Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, Lilli, &c.	15
We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope. Lilli, &c.	
For de good Talbot is made a lord, Lilli, &c. And with brave lads is coming aboard: Lilli, &c.	20
Who all in France have taken a sware, Lilli, &c. Dat dey will have no protestant heir. Lilli, &c.	25
Ara! but why does he stay behind? Lilli, &c. Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind. Lilli, &c.	30
But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore, Lilli, &c. And we shall have commissions gillore. Lilli, &c.	
And he dat will not go to de mass, Lilli, &c. Shall be turn out, and look like an ass. Lilli, &c.	35
Now, now de hereticks all go down, Lilli, &c. By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own Lilli, &c.	40 •
Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog, Lilli, &c. "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and a dog." Lilli, &c.	45

Ver. 43. What follows is not in some copies.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass, Lilli, &c. For Talbot's de dog, and Ja**s is de ass. Lilli, &c.

3-

XXIV.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

AS written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq; who died March 25, 1734, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his *Poems*, published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an d Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to ch stanza.

[The beautiful river Yarrow has few rivals as an inspirer of song, hese verses of Hamilton's are copied from the old ballad—The towie Dens (melancholy downs) of Yarrow, a collated version of bich was first printed by Scott in his Minstreley of the Scottish

5

A.

USK Bu Busk An

USK¹ ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,² Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the Braes³ of Yarrow.

- B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
- A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen, Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride, Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow; 10 Nor let thy heart lament to leive Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

- B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?
- A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;

 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint's her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

^{[1} dress. 2 companion. 4 pulling the birch trees.

³ hilly banks.

lost.]

54 THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid? *5
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why you melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30
O'tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield, My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

60

70

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet	t flows
Tweed,	
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,	
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,	55
The apple frae its rock as mellow.	

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve, In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter; Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow, Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed, And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

- C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?
 - O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luve,
 My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

In Hannah More's Life (vol. i. p. 405) note: "I was much amused with hea sing his own fine ballad of Hosier's Ghos He is past eighty." In the matter of the wrong. Richard Glover was born in 17 1785.]

On the gently sw

At midnight with st

Our triumphant n

There while Vernon sate all-From the Spaniards' late. And his crews, with shouts v Drank success to England

On a sudden shrilly sounding
Hideous yells and shrieks
Then each heart with fear co
A sad troop of ghosts apporante
All in dreary hammocks shrow Which for winding-sheets
And with looks by sorrow cloperates
Frowning on that hostile s

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST. 369

O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him, Where the Burford* rear'd her sail, With three thousand ghosts beside him, And in groans did Vernon hail.
Heed, oh heed our fatal story, I am Hosier's injur'd ghost, You, who now have purchas'd glory, At this place where I was lost! Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin You now triumph free from fears, When you think on our undoing, You will mix your joy with tears.
See these mournful spectres sweeping Ghastly o'er this hated wave, Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping These ware English contains howe

25

30

45

50

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping; 35
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.

^{*} Admiral Vernon's ship.

Thus, like thee, proud Sp And her galleons leadin Though condemn'd for dis I had met a traitor's doc To have fallen, my country He has play'd an Englis Had been better far than c Of a griev'd and broken

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we l
But remember our sad story
And let Hosier's wrongs l
Sent in this foul clime to lan
Think what thousands fell
Wasted with disease and ang
Not in glorious battle slain

Hence with all my train atte
From their oozy tombs be
Thro' the hoary foam ascence
Here I feed my constant v
Here the bastimentos viewin
We recal our shameful doo
And our plaintive cries renev
Wander thro' the midnigh

After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

85

XXVI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

AMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746.—
This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

[Captain James Dawson was one of eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of Volunteers in the service of the young Chevalier, who were executed on Kennington Common.

The following ballad is founded upon a narrative first published in a periodical entitled *The Parrot*, Saturday, 2d August, 1746, three days after the occurrence. In the *Whitehall Evening Poss*, Aug. 7, 1746, the same story is told with the addition, that "upon enquiry every circumstance was literally true." Another ballad is said to have been written upon Dawson's fate, and sung about the streets. It is reprinted in the *European Magazine*, April, 1801, p. 248, and begins as follows:

"Blow ye bleak winds around my head, Sooth my heart corroding care, &c."]

OME listen to my mournful tale, Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear; Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh, Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

JEMMY DAWSON.

372 And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, Do thou a pensive ear incline; For thou canst weep at every woe, And pity every plaint, but mine. Young Dawson was a gallant youth, A brighter never trod the plain; 10 And well he lov'd one charming maid, And dearly was he lov'd again. One tender maid she lov'd him dear, Of gentle blood the damsel came, And faultless was her beauteous form, 15 And spotless was her virgin fame. But curse on party's hateful strife, That led the faithful youth astray The day the rebel clans appear'd: O had he never seen that day! 20 Their colours and their sash he wore, And in the fatal dress was found.

The gracious prince that gives him life Would crown a never-dying flame, And every tender babe I bore Should learn to lisp the giver's name.	40
But though, dear youth, thou should'st be drag To yonder ignominious tree, Thou shalt not want a faithful friend To share thy bitter fate with thee.	gg'd
O then her mourning coach was call'd, The sledge mov'd slowly on before; Tho' borne in a triumphal car, She had not lov'd her favourite more.	45
She followed him, prepar'd to view The terrible behests of law; And the last scene of Jemmy's woes With calm and stedfast eye she saw.	
Distorted was that blooming face, Which she had fondly lov'd so long: And stifled was that tuneful breath, Which in her praise had sweetly sung:	55
And sever'd was that beauteous neck, Round which her arms had fondly clos'd: And mangled was that beauteous breast, On which her love-sick head repos'd:	60
And ravish'd was that constant heart, She did to every heart prefer; For tho' it could his king forget, 'Twas true and loyal still to her.	
Amid those unrelenting flames She bore this constant heart to see; But when 'twas moulder'd into dust, Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.	65

The lover's mournful hearse rea The maid drew back her languid And sighing forth his name, ex

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

THE END OF THE THIRD BO



APPENDIX.





APPENDIX.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

E learn from Wormius (a), that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables, yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody,

⁽a) Literatura Runica. Hafniæ, 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. Vid. Hickesii Prafat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon. & Moeso-Goth. 4to. 1689.

regularly to be crowded into one li best understood by the following ex

> "Meire og Minne Mogu heimdaller."

" *G*: Enn

There were many other little nice the Islandic poets, who, as they ret nal language and peculiarities long nations of Gothic race, had time native poetry more, and to carry it of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren, the Anglo-Saxi sionally used the same kind of alliticommon to meet, in their writing examples of the foregoing rules. I or two in modern characters (c):

" Skeop tha and Skyrede Skyppend ure."

" Hai Heof

I know not, however, that there is a an entire Saxon poem all in this meatichs of this sort perpetually occur in of any length.

Now if we examine the versific Plowman's *Visions*, we shall find it actly by these rules; and therefor printed, is in reality a distich of two

"In a Somer Season, | when 'hot' (d) was the Sunne, I Shope me into Shroubs, | as I a Shepe were; In Habite as an Harmet | unHoly of werkes, Went Wyde in thys world | Wonders to heare, &c."

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers whom it may gratify to mention, that these Visions of Pierce (i.e. Peter) the Plowman, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx. passus or breaks (e), exhibiting a series of visions which, he pretends, happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excells in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550, "by Robert Crowley, dwelling in Elye

(d) So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either "soft," as in MS. or "set," as in PCC.

⁽e) The poem properly contains xxi. parts: the word passus, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. iii. preface to ballad iii. where Passus seems to signify Pause.

newlye imprynted after by Owen Rogers," Feb.

As Langland was not the fithe last that used this allitera cation. To Rogers's edition o joined a poem, which was probof them, intitled *Pierce the Ph* begins thus:

"Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beg For the Faders Frendshipe, that Fa And through the Special Spirit, that And al in one godhed endles dwelle

The author feigns himself ignor be instructed in which he applies orders, viz., the gray friers of St friers of St. Dominic, the Carmel and the Augustines. This affords scribe in very lively colours the sl immorality of those reverend dromeets with Pierce, a poor plough his doubts, and instructs him in true religion. The author was e of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (vlonger living (g). Now that refo How long after his death this I does not appear.

(f) The ...

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems (h), two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is entitled The Sege of Ierlam, (i.e. Jerusalem), being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

"In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour Syr Sesar hymself . be Sted in Rome Whyll Pylat was Provoste . under that Prynce ryche And Jewes Justice also . of Judeas londe Herode under empere . as Herytage wolde Kyng, &c."

The other is intitled Chevalere Assigne (or De Cigne), that is, The Knight of the Swan, being an ancient Romance, beginning thus:

"All-Weldynge God. Whene it is his Wylle Wele he Wereth his Werke. With his owene honde For ofte Harmes were Hente. that Helpe we ne myşte Nere the Hyşnes of Hym. that lengeth in Hevene For this, &c."

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays (i) is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssaunt and illustryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for, in the preface, the translator tells us, that this "highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyrynge cotydyally to encrease and

⁽h) Caligula A. ij. fol. 109. 123.

⁽i) K. vol. x.

goodii booke of the highe and a famous and puyssaunt kyn sometime reynynge in the par sea, havynge to his wife a noble conceyved sixe sonnes and a da of them at one only time; at who them had a chayne of sylver a whiche were all tourned by the into whyte swannes, save one, present hystory is compyled, 1 knight of the swanne, of whome The whiche en my sayde lorde. sayde hystory more amply and u in thys hys natif countrie, as it i hys hie bountie by some of his servauntes cohorted mi mayster W to put the said vertuous hystori at whose instigacion and stiring I have me applied, moiening the reduce and translate it into our ma english tonge after the capacitè an weke entendement." A curious p While in Italy literature and the fi to burst forth with classical splen the first peer of this realm was p pedigree from a fabulous knight o

To return to the metre of Pierce Plowman: In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem intitled Death and Life, (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for ought that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order, I suppose, to save room. It begins:

"Christ Christen king, that on the Crosse tholed; Hadd Paines and Passyons to defend our soules; Give us Grace on the Ground the Greatlye to serve, For that Royall Red blood that Rann from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame Life," and the "ugly fiend Dame Death;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is:

"Shee was Brighter of her Blee, then was the Bright sonn:
Her Rudd Redder then the Rose, that on the Rise hangeth:
Meekely smiling with her Mouth, And Merry in her lookes;
Ever Laughing for Love, as shee Like would.
And as shee came by the Bankes, the Boughes eche one
They Lowted to that Ladye, and Layd forth their branches;
Blossomes, and Burgens
Breathed full sweete;

TUS SKETCHEU OU

and original ncil.

The other m is that which page of this volume, and which w that was ever written in this kinginal simplicity unaccompanied should have been observed above this poem the lines are througho tichs, thus:

"Grant Gracious God, Grant me this time," &

It is intitled Scottish Feilde (in 2 containing a very circumstantial nai of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: a seems to have been present from h first person plural:

"Then we Tild downe our that Told were a thousan

In the conclusion of the poem he g of himself:

"He was a Gentleman by that this Gest (m) made: Which Say but as he Sayd (for Sooth and noe other. At Bagily that Bearne his Biding place had; And his ancestors of old tin have yearded (a) it





Jesus Bring 'them'(p) to Blisse, that Brought us forth of Bale, That hath Hearkned me Heare or Heard my tale."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshiremen, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys, earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley, bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the alliterative measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce

Plowman (q).

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of Scottish Field, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of

nounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the north.—Pitscottie speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, " Nae man wot whar they yearded him."

⁽p) "us." MS. In the 2d line above, the MS. has "bidding." (q) And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

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that more modish ornament; till at length the old accounts verse of the ancient writers would no larger go down without it. Yet when rityme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of Little Foliat Modody exhibits this union very dearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal imbellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse (r), now never used but in hallads and pieces of light humour, as in the song of Conscience, and in that well-known daggered.

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

But although this kind of measure hath with us seen thus degraded, it still retains among the French

⁽r) Consisting of four Anapests (~ ~ -) in which the amoent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also

its ancient dignity; their grand heroic verse of twelve syllables(s) is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: but with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state(t), as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of scansion: they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables; and by making the cæsura or pause as full and

⁽s) Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse in his versions of the second and fourth Books of the *Eneid*, 1557, 4to.

⁽t) Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four Anapests (• • -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from *Prior*, and from the Song of *Conscience*:

[&]quot;Who has eer been at Paris, must needs know the Greve, The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave. He stept to him straight, and did him require."

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listinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on he same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, hat they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of he ancient distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete nemistics. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word. and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistics to wo distinct and independent verses: and some of heir old poets have gone so far as to make the two nemistics rhyme to each other.(u)

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French

PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

Le succes fut toujours All shall drye with the dints

L'homme prūdent voit trop Yonder damsel is death

L'intrepide voit mieux When she dolefully saw

Měme aŭx yeūx de l'injūste Then she cast up a crye

Dŭ měnsöngě toŭjoūrs Thou shalt bitterlye bye

Pour păroitre honnete homme

ŭn enfant de l' ăudace; that I deal with my hands.

l'Illusion le suit, that dresseth her to smite.

ět lě fantomě fuit. (x) how she dang downe hir folke.

ŭn injūste est horrīble.(y) to the high king of heaven.

> lě vrai děmēurě maitrě, ŏr else the booke faileth.

ěn ŭn mot, il făut l'etre.(z) Thus I fared throughe a frythe | where the flowers were manye.

To conclude: the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called blank verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.



⁽x) Catalina, A. 3.

⁽y) Boileau Sat.

⁽z) Boil. Sat. 11.

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ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

The first is in MS.(a) which begins thus:

"Crist Crowned Kyng, that on Cros didest,(b)
And art Comfort of all Care, thow(c) kind go out of Cours,
With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thu be,
And thy Worshipful Werkes Worshiped evre,
That suche Sondry Signes Shewest unto man,
In Dremyng, in Drecchyng,(d) and in Derke swevenes."

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself: which he introduces with the following circumstances:

"Ones y me Ordayned, as y have Ofte doon,

"Methought that y Hoved on High on an Hill, And loked Doun on a Dale Depest of othre; Ther y Sawe in my Sighte a Selcouthe peple; The Multitude was so Moche, it Mighte not be nombred: Methoughte y herd a Crowned Kyng, of his Comunes axe A Soleyne (f) Subsidie, to Susteyne his werres.

With that a Clerk Kneled adowne and Carped these wordes, Liege Lord, yif it you Like to Listen a while, Som Sawes of Salomon y shall you shewe sone."

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of K. Henry V., as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The alliterative metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's collection of ancient Scottish poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

"Heir begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit Wemen, and the Wedo. compylit be Maister William Dunbar.(g) Upon the Midsummer evven Mirriest of nichtis I Muvit furth alane quhen as Midnight was past Besyd ane Gudlie Grene Garth, (h) full of Gay flouris Hegeit (i) of ane Huge Hight with Hawthorne tree is Quairon ane Bird on ane Bransche so Birst out hir notis That nevir ane Blythfuller Bird was on the Beuche(k) hard &c."

The Author pretends to overhear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret

⁽f) solemn.

⁽g) Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. Collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight, of London, 1786, 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.

⁽h) Garden.

⁽i) Hedged.

⁽k) Bough.

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nethods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after Scottish Field (described above in p. 384), which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred ines.

But the current use of the alliterative metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of Thomas the Rymer, Marvellous Merling, &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus:

"Merling sayes in his book, who will Read Right, Although his Sayings be uncouth, they Shall be true found. "Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay, Looking to the Lennox, as me Lief thought, The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek For Malice and Melody that Moved me sore, &c."

And lastly, that intitled the prophesic of Gildas:

"When holy kirk is Wracked and Will has no Wit And Pastors are Pluckt, and Pil'd without Pity When Idolatry Is In ens and re And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c."

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not intirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the alliterative metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the metre of Pierce Plowman.

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of Alexander the Great, in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with No. 44 in the Ashmol. MSS. containing twenty-seven passus, and beginning thus:

> "Whener folk fastid [feasted, qu.] and fed, fayne wolde thei her [i. e. hear] Some farand thing, &c.'

ALLITERATIVE METRE.

t is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt on Chaucer's neer at this old alliterative metre (vol. iii. p. 305), iz.:

"—— I am a Sotherne [i.e. Southern] man, I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter,"

nat the fondness for this species of versification, &c. ras retained longest in the northern provinces: and nat the author of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* is in the est MSS, called *William*, without any surname. ee vol. iv. p. 74.

[The Rev. Walter W. Skeat, editor of Piers Plowman, for the arly English Text Society, has written An Essay on Alliterative vetry, for Hales and Furnivall's edition of the Percy folio MS., hich will be found in the third volume of that work (pp. xi.-xxxix.). It gives a list of all the poems he has met with that have been ritten as alliterative, yet without rhyme, since the Conquest, and hads his essay with the following note:—"The reader must be arned against three extraordinary mis-statements in this (Percy's) ssay, following close upon one another near the end of it. These re (1) that Robert of Gloucester wrote in anapæstic verse, whereas e wrote in the long Alexandrine verse, containing (when perfect) x Returns; (2) that the French alone have retained this old other metre [the twelve-syllabled Alexandrine] for their serious



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